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LOVE'S PROMISE.

BY A. S. S.

"I will come back," Love cried, "I will come back,"
And there where he had passed lay one bright track,
Dreamlike and golden, as the moonlit sea,
Between the pine wood's shadow tall and black.
"I will come back," Love cried—Ah me!
Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait;
Though it is evening now, and cold and late,
And I am weary watching here so long,
A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate,
For Love who is so fair and swift and strong,
I wait, I wait.

He will come back—come back, though he delays;
He will come back—for in old years and days
He was my playmate—He will not forget,
Though he may linger long amid new ways,
He will bring back, with barren sweet regret,
Old years and days.

Hush! on the lonely hills Love comes again;
But his young feet are marked with many a stain,
The golden haze has passed from his fair brow,
And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain;
And it is night: O Love—Love—enter now,
Remain, remain!

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE PENN.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

IS not the half of this wondrous wealth enough for you? You only take out your ship and divers to get what it has taken me years to find. I tell you there are cargoes of this rich metal lying there—hundreds of thousands of pounds—a princely fortune; and yet you hesitate."

"Are there any volcanoes your way?" said Mr. Parkley, drily.

"Yes—many. Why?"

"I thought so," said the sturdy Englishman.

"It is enough," cried the Cuban, haughtily. "You play with me, and insult me."

And, as he spoke, with flashing eyes, he snatched up the two ingots, and began to wrap them up, but with a smile of contempt he threw them back on the desk.

"No, we do not," said Mr. Parkley, quietly; "only you are so red hot. I must have time to think."

"Time to think!"

"Yes. I like the idea, and I think I shall accept your offer."

"You believe in my papers, then?"

"Oh, yes, they are beyond suspicion," said Mr. Parkley, holding out his hand. "Only there are so many tricks played that one has to go carefully. Well, how are you? Glad to see you, and hope we shall be good friends."

"My great friend!" exclaimed the Cuban, throwing his arms round the sturdy little man, and nearly oversetting him, stool and all, in his fervid embrace. "They were right; you were the true enterprising man of energy after all."

"I say, don't do that again, please," said Mr. Parkley, "we shake hands here, and save those hugs for the other sex—at least the young fellows do."

"But I am overjoyed," exclaimed the Cuban, enthusiastically. "Here, I will be English," he cried, holding out his hand and shaking that of Dutch most heartily. "We two shall be great friends, I see. You will come too. You are young and full of energy, and you shall be as rich as he. You shall both draw up gold in heaps, and be princes. Thank you both—thank you. And now we will make our plans."

"Gently, gently," exclaimed Mr. Parkley; "this all takes time. If that treasure has lain for three hundred years at the bottom of the sea, it will be safe for a few months longer."

"Ah, yes, yes."

"Then we must take our time, and, if we go, make plenty of preparation."

"Yes, yes," said the Cuban; "take plenty of diving suits and a diving bell."

"Don't you fidget about that, sir," said Mr. Parkley, proudly. "I think we can find such appliances as will do the trick. Eh, Mr. Pugh?"

Dutch nodded, and then looked uneasily at the Cuban, whose presence seemed to fill him with a vague trouble.

"I've got an important contract on, too," continued Mr. Parkley.

"A contract?" said the Cuban. "A new machine?"

"No, no; a bond such as we must have to do certain work."

"Yes, yes. I see."

"I've got to empty a ship off the coast here. She went down, laden with copper."

"I must see that," cried the Cuban, excitedly. "Where is it? Let us go. I must see the men go under water."

"All in good time, sir—all in good time; for I must finish that job first. Well, Rasp," he continued, as that worthy came in.

"It's Mrs. Pug, sir. Shall I show her in?"

"No, no," exclaimed Dutch, eagerly.

But he was too late, for, as he spoke, a lady-like figure entered the room, and the bright, fair, girlish face, with its clustering curls of rich dark brown hair, turned from one to the other in a timid, apologetic way.

"I am sorry," she faltered. "You are engaged. My husband arranged——"

"Come in, my dear—come in," said Mr. Parkley, hopping off his stool, taking her hands, and patting them affectionately, as he placed her in a chair. "We've about done for to-day; and if we had not, there's nothing you might not hear. I'll be bound to say, Pugh keeps nothing from you."

"But she is beautiful!" muttered the Cuban, with sparkling eyes, as his lips parted, and a warm flush came into his creamy cheeks; while Dutch turned pale as he saw his admiration, and the vague feeling of dread came once more, in combination with one of dislike.

"But I'm not polite, my dear," said Mr. Parkley. "This is Senor Manuel Laure, a gentleman from Havana. Senor, Mrs. Pugh, the wife of my future partner, and almost my daughter."

The Cuban bowed low as the young Englishwoman rose and looked anxiously at him, her eyes falling directly, and she blushed vividly, as though her fair young cheeks were scorched beneath his ardent gaze.

A pang shot through the breast of Dutch Pugh; but the eyes were raised again to his with so naive and innocent a look that the pain was assuaged, and he crossed to her side.

"Well, senor," said Mr. Parkley, "I am to see that you are not imposed upon, so you are in my charge."

"I know so much of the straightforward honesty of the English, sir, that I am glad to be in your hands."

"That's complimentary," said Mr. Parkley.

"It is true, sir," said the Cuban, bowing.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Parkley, "we'll begin by trusting one another fully. Well, Rasp, what is it now?"

"Here's Sam Oakum just come from Barrport."

"Well, have they got out all the copper?"

"Not a bit of it, for the men won't go down."

"Why?"

"Say the engine don't supply enough air, and the receiver's bust. Won't go down, hany one on 'em."

"Nonsense!"

"John Tolly's dead or thereabouts."

"Dead?"

"So Sam says."

"Tut, tut, tut," ejaculated Mr. Parkley. "Always something wrong. Pugh, you'll have to go down directly, and set them an example, or I must. Tolly always comes up dead when he don't like a job."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Pugh, leaping off to catch her husband by the arm. "He must never go down again. Promise me you will not go," she cried, turning her sahy face up to his.

"But she is beautiful indeed!" muttered the Cuban.

"My darling," whispered Dutch, "be a woman. There is no danger."

"No danger!" she wailed. "Dutch, I've dreamed night after night of some terrible trouble, and it is this. You must not—must not go."

"My darling," he whispered.

And, bending over her, he said a few words in her ear, which made her set her teeth firmly and try to smile, as she stood up clasping his hand.

"I will try," she whispered—"try so hard."

"I'm ready, Mr. Parkley," said the young man, hoarsely.

"That's right, Pugh. Go and set matters square. I'll see your wife safe back home."

"I leave her to you," said Dutch, in a low voice. "Good-bye, my darling, get back home. I'll join you soon," he whispered, and hurried out of the office.

But as he turned for a moment, it was to see the Cuban's eyes fixed upon the trembling girl; while the goblin-like figures against the wall seemed to be nodding and gibbering at him, as if laughing at the troubles that assailed his breast.

"Off down to Barrport, Mr. Pug?" said Rasp, as he stood in the outer office.

"Yes, instantly. Come, Oakum," he said, to a rough-looking sailor who stood hat in hand.

"Sharp's the word, Mr. Pug," said Rasp; "but I say," he continued, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, "that foreign chap, I don't like the looks o' he."

CHAPTER III.

DOWN BELOW.

I tell you what it is, sir," said the rough-looking sailor, as he walked by Dutch Pugh's side down to the station. "If I wear much along o' that Rasp it would soon come to a row."

"Why, man?"

"'Cause he's such an overbearing sort of a chap. He's one of them kind as always think he's skipper, and every one else is afore the mast. If he'd come aboord the bark and hailed me, I should ha' sat him to sit down on the deck and handed him the bacco; but when I comes in he sits and stares at one orty like, and goes on taking his bacco, in a savage sorter way, up his nose; and never so much as says 'Have a pinch, mate,' or the like."

"You don't know him, my man," said Dutch, quietly.

"And don't want to," growled the old sailor. "I should just like to have him aboard our bark for a month. I'd show him how to count ten."

"Well, there are more unlikely things," said Dutch. "Perhaps he may sail with you."

"What, are we going off, sir?" said the sailor, facing round.

"I don't know yet," said Dutch, "but it is possible."

"I'm glad on it," said the sailor, giving his canvas trousers a slap. "I'm tired o' hanging about the coast as we do. All this diving work's very well, but I want to get out in the blue again."

"Tell me all about the upset over the work," said Dutch. "Is Tolly bad?"

"Not he, sir," chuckled the sailor. "I'd ha' cured him with a rope's end in about two twos. Didn't want to go down, and when the skipper turned rusty, and said as how he must, the other three chaps took part again him, and said that the engine was wrong, and a lot more; and, of course, his mates takes sides with him, and says as Mr. Parkley wants to send 'em to their death, and then the real sore place comes out—they wants a rise in the pay. 'Well, then,' says the skipper, 'I'll send for Mr. Parkley;' and then Tolly says in his blustering way, 'Ah,' he says, 'I aint afraid to go down, and if I loses my life it's all the governor's fault.' So down he goes, and directly after he begins pulling his siggle rope, and they pulls him up, unscrews him, and lays him on the deck, and gives him cold grog."

"But was he senseless?"

"He wasn't so senseless that he couldn't lap the grog, sir, no end; and if he warn't playing at sham Abraham, my name aint Sam Oakum."

Barrport was soon reached, and, boarding a small lugger, Dutch and his companion were put aboard a handsomely-rigged schooner, lying about four miles along the coast, at anchor, by the two masts of a vessel seen above the water. And here it was evident that arrangements had been made for diving, for a ladder was lashed to the side of the vessel, evidently leading down to the deck of the sunken ship, while four men in diving suits lounged against the bulwarks, their round helmets, so greatly out of proportion to their heads, standing on a kind of rack, while the heavy leaden breast and back pieces they wore lay on the planks.

"Ah, Pugh," said a weather-beaten, middle-aged man, greeting Dutch as he reached the deck; "glad you've come. When I've a mutiny amongst my own men I know what to do; but with these fellows I've about done, especially as they say the machinery is defective."

"Of course, Captain Studwick," said Dutch aloud, "men cannot be asked to risk their lives. Here, Tolly, what is it?"

The diver spoken to, a fat-faced, pig eyed fellow, with an artful leer upon his countenance, sidled up.

"The pump don't work as it should, Mr. Pugh," he said. "Near pretty nigh gone—warn't I, mates?"

The others nodded.

"Is the work below very hard?" said Dutch, quietly.

"Well, no, sir, I don't know as it's much harder nor usual; but the copper's heavy to move, and the way into the hold is littler nor usual; aint it, mates?"

"Take off your suit," said Dutch, after glancing at the men at the air pump, and seeing that they were those he could trust.

"It won't fit you sir," said the man, surlily.

"I'm the best judge of that," said Dutch; "take it off instantly."

The man glanced at his companions, but seeing no help forthcoming from them, he began sulkily to take off the copper gorget and the India-rubber garments, with the heaven leaden-soled boots, which, with the help of the old sailor, Dutch slipped on with the ease of one accustomed to handle such articles; then placing the leaden weights—the chest and back piece, he took up the helmet, saw that the tube from the back was properly adjusted and connected with the air pump, which he examined, and then turned to Captain Studwick.

"You'll see that no one touches the tube, Mr. Studwick," he said, in a low tone. "One of those fellows might feel disposed to tamper with it."

The captain nodded, and Dutch then lifted on the helmet, the rim of which fitted exactly to the gorget, had the screws tightened, and then, with the old sailor and the captain himself seeing that the tube and signalling cords were all right, the pump began to work, and Dutch walked heavily to the side, took hold of the rongs of the ladder, and began to descend.

In a few moments his head had disappeared, and his blurred figure could be made out going down into the darkness, while a constant stream of exhausted air which escaped from the helmet-valve kept rising in great bubbles. The pump clanked as its pistons worked up and down, and the sailors and divers, the former eager and the latter in a sulky fashion, approached the side and looked over.

Captain Studwick himself held the signal-line, and answered the calls made upon him for more or less air by communicating with the men at the pump; and so the minutes passed, during which time, by the necessity for lengthening out the tube and cord, it was evident that Dutch was going over the submerged vessel in different directions. All had gone so well that the captain had relaxed somewhat in his watchfulness, when he was brought back to attention by a violent jerking of the cord.

"More air!" he shouted—"quick!" Just as there was a yell, a scuffle, and the man Tolly struggled into the middle of the deck, wrestling hard with a black sailor, who backed away from him, and then running forward like a ram, struck his adversary in

the chest, and sent him rolling over into the scuppers.

By this time the signalling had ceased, and Dutch was evidently moving about at his ease.

"What was that?" said Captain Studwick, sternly, as the man Tolly got up and made savagely at the black, but was restrained by the strong arm of the old sailor, Oakum.

Tolly and the black both spoke excitedly together, and not a word was to be understood.

"Here you, Mr. Tolly, what is it?" cried the captain. "Hold your tongue, Pollo."

"I bash him head, sah. I—"

"Hold your tongue, sir," said the captain. "What was it?"

"I happened to look round, sir, and found this stupid nigger standing on the tube, and when I dragged him off he struck me."

"Who you call nigger, you ugly, white, fat-head tief!" shouted the black, savagely. "I bash you ugly head."

"Silence!" cried the captain.

"It big lie, sah," cried the black. "I turn roun', and see dat ugly tief set him hoof on de tubum, and top all de wind out of Mass' Dutch Pugh, and I scruff him."

"You infamous——"

"Silence!" roared the captain. "Stand back, both of you. Oakum, see that no one goes near the tube. Cast in gently there; he's coming up."

This was the case, for in another minute the great round top of the helmet was seen to emerge from the water; its wearer mounted the side, and was soon relieved of his casque, displaying the flushed face of Dutch, who looked sharply round.

"Some one must have stepped on the tube," he said. "Who was it?"

"It lies between these two," said Captain Studwick, pointing to the pair of adversaries.

"It was the nigger, sir," said Tolly.

"No, sah, 'sure you, sah. I too much sense, sah, to put um foot on de tubum. It was dis fellow, sah," said the black, with dignity.

"I presume it was an accident," said Dutch, quietly. Then, turning to the divers—"I have been down, as you see, my men. The apparatus is in perfect working order, the water clear, the light good, and the copper easy to get at. Begin work directly. If anything goes wrong, it is the fault of your management."

"But aint this black fellow to be punished?" began the man Tolly.

"Mr. John Tolly, you are foreman of these divers," said Dutch, quietly, "and answerable to Mr. Parkley for their conduct. If one of the sailors deserves punishment, that is Captain Studwick's affair."

CHAPTER IV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FOR a moment there was dead silence, then Pollo spoke:

"I not sailor, sah; I de ship cook," said the black, sharply. "You mind I not put de cork in de tubum next time you go down."

"There! do you hear him?" cried Tolly. "Who's going down to be threatened like that?"

"Yah! yah! yah!" laughed the black. "Him great coward, sah. He not worf notice."

And he turned and walked forward, while Tolly resumed his suit, vacated for him by Dutch, their helmets were put on by two of the men, and diving commenced, Dutch remaining on board till it was time to cease, and having the satisfaction of seeing a goodly portion of the copper hauled on the deck of the schooner, the divers fastening ropes round the ingots which were drawn up by the sailors.

"That was a malicious trick, of course," said Dutch to the captain while Tolly was below.

"I'm afraid it was," said the captain, "to try and make out that the machinery was out of order."

"Yes, I expected it," said Dutch; "and that's why I spoke to you. They did not mean to do me a mischief, of course—only to frighten me. I don't suspect the black, though."

"What, Pollo!" said the captain. "Good heavens, no! He's as staunch as steel. A thoroughly trustworthy man."

"I must wink at it, I suppose," said Dutch, "for it is not easy to supply vacancies in our little staff, and the fellows know it. They are hard fellows to manage."

"And yet you manage them well," said the captain, smiling. "You ought to have been a skipper."

"Think so?" said Dutch; "but look, who is this coming on board?"

"Poor John!" said the captain, with a sigh. "Poor boy, he's in a sad way."

"But he's very young, Mr. Studwick, and with the fine weather he may amend."

"He's beginning to be out of hope, Pugh, and so is poor Bessy. The doctor says he must have a sea voyage into some warmer climate—not that he promises health, but prolonged life."

"Indeed!" said Dutch, starting, as he thought of the Cuban's proposal, and the probability of Captain Studwick having charge of the vessel if the trip was made, but not feeling at liberty to say much; and, the boat from the shore touching the side, he held his peace.

A minute later, a fine, handsome, but rather masculine girl—whose fine eyes sparkled as they lit on Dutch Pugh, and then were turned sharply away—stepped on deck, holding out her hand directly after to assist an invalid to pass the gangway, which he did, panting slightly, and then pausing to cough.

He was evidently enough the girl's brother, for with his delicate looks and hectic flush he looked strangely effeminate, and in height and stature the pair were wonderfully alike.

"I don't think it was wise of you to come out, John," said the captain, kindly; "it's a cold, thick day."

"It's so dull at home," said the young man, "and I must have change. There, I'm well wrapped up, father; and Bessy takes no end of care of me."

He gave the girl a tender and affectionate look as he spoke: and she smiled most pleasantly.

"Ah, Mr. Pugh. I'm glad to see you. Have you been down?"

"Yes, just for a little while," said Dutch, shaking hands with him, and then holding out his hand to the sister, who half shrank from him with an angry, flushed face; but his frank, pleasant look overcame her, and she held out her hand to him.

"You have not been to see us yet, Miss Studwick," he said, frankly. "Hester quite expects you to call, and I hope you will be friends."

"I will try to be, Mr. Pugh," said the girl, huskily. "I'll call—soon."

"That's right," he said, smiling. "Come, too, John. We shall be very glad to see you."

The young man started, and looked at him searchingly with his unnaturally bright eyes.

"No," he said, sadly. "I'm too much of an invalid now. That is, at present," he said, catching his father's eye, and speaking hastily. "I shall be better in a month or two. I'm stronger now—much stronger: am I not, Bessy? Give me your arm, dear. I want to see the divers."

The couple walked forward to where the air-pump was standing, and the eyes of the captain and Dutch Pugh met, when the former shook his head sadly, and turned away.

There was something very pathetic in the aspect of the young man, in whom it was plain enough to see that one by one most fatal diseases had made such inroads as to preclude all hope of recovery; and saddened at heart, for more than one reason, above all feeling that his presence was not welcome, Dutch superintended his men till, feeling that it would be absolutely necessary that some one would have to be on deck every day till the copper was all recovered, he made up his mind that it would fall to his lot, except at such times as Mr. Parkley would relieve guard.

The next morning Rasp was sent off to act as superintendent, for Mr. Parkley decided that Dutch must stay and help him in his plans for carrying out the Cuban's wishes, if he took the affair up, and previously to discuss the matter.

Dutch announced to Rasp then that he would have to set off at once.

"It's always the way," grumbled the old fellow. "Board that schooner, too. Yah!"

"Never mind, Rasp; you like work. You'll be like the busy bee, improving each shining hour," said Dutch, smiling.

"Yes; and my helmets, and tubes, and pumps getting not fit to be seen, and made hat pegs of. Busy bee, indeed! I'm tired of improving the shining hours. I've been all my life a-polishing of 'em up for some one else."

He set off growling, and vowing vengeance on the men if they did not work; and Dutch returned to find Mr. Parkley with a map of the West Indies spread upon the desk.

"Look here," he said, "here's the place," and he pointed to the Caribbean Sea.

"Do you think seriously of this matter, then?" said Dutch.

"Very. Why not? I believe it is genuine. Don't you?"

"I can't say," replied Dutch. "It may be."

"I think it is," said the other, sharply; "and it seems to me a chance."

"If it proved as this Cuban says, of course it would be."

"And why should it not?" said Mr. Parkley. "You see, he has nothing to gain by getting me to fit out an expedition, unless we are successful."

"But it may be visionary."

"Those ingots were solid visions," said Mr. Parkley. "No, my lad; the thing's genuine. I've thought it out all right, and decided to go in for it at once—that is, as soon as we can arrange matters."

"Indeed, sir!" said Dutch, startled at the suddenness of the decision.

"Yes, my lad, I have faith in it. We could go in the schooner. Take a couple of those divers, and some of our newest appliances. I look upon the whole affair as a godsend. Hum! Here he is. Don't seem too eager, but follow my lead."

A clerk announced the previous night's visitor; and Dutch recalled for the moment the previous day's meeting, and the annoyance he had felt on seeing the stranger's admiring gaze. But this was all forgotten in a few moments, the Cuban being certainly all that could be desired in gentlemanly courtesy, and his manners were winning in the extreme.

"And now that you have had a night for consideration, Senor Parkley, what do you think of my project?" he said, glancing at the map.

"I want to know more," said Mr. Parkley.

"I have told you that vessels were sunk—ships laden with gold and silver, Senor Parkley, and I say join me. Find all that is wanted—a ship—divers—and make an agreement to give me half the treasure recovered, and I will take your ship to the spots. Where these are is my secret."

"You said I was slow and cold, Mr. Lorry, yesterday," said Mr. Parkley. "You shan't say so to-day. When I make up my mind, I strike while the iron is hot. My mind is made up."

"Then you refuse," said the Cuban, frowning.

"No, sir, I agree. Here's my hand upon it."

He held out his hand, which the Cuban, caught and pressed hastily.

"Viva!" he exclaimed, his face flushing with pleasure. "You will both be rich as princes. Our friend here goes too?"

"Yes, I shall take him with us," said Mr. Parkley.

And Dutch started round in wonder at what seemed so rash a proceeding.

"And he must share, too," said the Cuban, warmly.

"Yes; he will be my partner," said Mr. Parkley.

"And when do we start—to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" laughed Mr. Parkley. "No, sir; it will take us a month to fit out our expedition."

"A month?"

"At least. We must go well prepared, and not fail for want of means."

"Yes, yes, that is good."

"And all this takes time. Trust me, sir, I shall not let the grass grow under my feet."

"I do not understand the grass grow," said the Cuban.

"I mean I shall hurry on the preparations," said Mr. Parkley.

The Cuban nodded his satisfaction; while the rest of the morning was spent in discussing the matter; and, the visitor was extremely careful not to say a word that might give a hint as to the locality of the treasure, it became more and more evident that he was no empty enthusiast, but one who had spent years in the search, and had had his quest crowned with success.

Several days passed in this way, during which great success attended the raising of the copper, and a proper deed of agreement had been drawn up and duly signed between the parties to the proposed expedition, of which, however, Dutch had said but little at his own home, lest he should cause his wife, who had been delicate since their marriage, any uneasiness.

The strange fancies that had troubled him had been almost forgotten, and in spite of himself he had become somewhat tinged by the Cuban's enthusiasm, and often found himself dwelling on the pleasure of being possessed of riches such as were described.

"It would make her a lady," he argued; "and if anything happened to me, she would be above want."

He was musing in this way one morning, when Mr. Parkley came to him, they having dined together with the Cuban on the previous evening at his hotel.

"Well, Pugh," he said, "I'm getting more faith every day. Lorry's a gentleman."

"Yes," said Dutch, "he is most polished in his ways, and I must say I begin to feel a great deal of faith in him myself."

"That's well," said Mr. Parkley, rubbing his hands. "You'll have to go with us."

"I'm afraid, sir, you must——"

"Excuse you? No, I don't think I can. Besides, Pugh, you would go with me as my partner, for I shall have all that settled."

"You are very, very kind, sir," said Dutch, flushing with pleasure.

"Nonsense, man," cried Mr. Parkley; "all selfishness. You and I can do so much together. See how useful you are to me, partner."

"Not your partner yet, sir."

"Yes, you are, Pugh," said the other, slapping him on the shoulder; "and now we'll go in for calculations and arrangements for the expedition. I was thinking the schooner would do, but I find it would be too small, so I shall set Captain Studwick to look out for a good brig or a small barque, and take him into our confidence to some extent."

"Not wholly?"

"No; and yet, perhaps, it would be as well. And now, Pugh, I've got a favor to ask of you."

"Anything, sir, that I can do, I'll do with all my heart," replied Pugh, enthusiastically.

"I knew you would," said Mr. Parkley. "You see this is a big thing, my lad, and will be the making of us both, and Lorry is a very decent fellow."

"Decidedly," said Pugh, wondering at what was coming.

"Well, I must be as civil to him as I can, and so must you, of course."

"Of course."

"He's taken a great fancy to you, by the way, and praises you sky-high."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and look here, Pugh, he has got to be tired of this hotel where he is, and wants society. I can't ask him to my shabby place, so I want you to oblige me by playing the host."

Pugh started as if he had been stung.

"Nothing could be better," continued Mr. Parkley, who did not notice the other's emotion. "Ask him to come and stay at your little place. Mrs. Pugh has things about her in so nice and refined a way that you can make him quite at home. You will gain his confidence, too, and we shall work better for not being on mere hard business terms."

Dutch felt his brain begin to swim.

"I'll come as often as I can, and we shall be making him one of us. The time will pass more pleasantly for him, and there'll be no fear of somebody else getting hold of him to make better terms."

"Yes—exactly—I see," faltered Pugh, whose mind was wandering towards home, and who recalled the Cuban's openly expressed admiration for his wife.

"The dear little woman," continued Mr. Parkley, "could take him out for a drive while you are busy, and you can have music and chess in the evenings. You'll have to live better, perhaps; but mind, my dear fellow, we are not going to let you suffer for that, and you must let me send you some wine, and a box or two of cigars. We must do the thing handsomely for him."

"Yes, of course," said Dutch, vaguely.

"Quite a stranger here, you know, and by making him a friend, all will go on so much more smoothly afterwards."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To imitate a lady straight from Jeddo and to look like one of the Mikado's subjects is to be extreme bon ton; therefore soiree and dinner robes are exotic in material and design. Society will be perfumed with sandal essence, its finger nails are to blush and its face powder to be tinged with a delicate yellow. Hair must not be forgotten. Were it all to fall off, heads would be the more fashionable for this loss. Small wigs are in demand, but when hair will not fall on and not all the ingredients sold by perfumers will not make it, their curls are patted down and frizettes are coaxed in place by Pompeiian narrow bands that bind heads in shape. A hint can here be given. A lady might wave her hair on the forehead, a band of gold braid should run in and out of the wavy hair; the back should be free in a hair bag, but run through with Neapolitan tortoise shell pins.

AN AFFABLE MANNER.—Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating joy in life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scoraful bearing, are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

PECULIAR BURIAL CUSTOM.—The cemetery at Munich, Germany, always has its attractions to the visitors on account of the peculiarity of funerals and the exposure of the bodies of the dead for three days before burial. The law requires the body of every one dying in Munich to be conveyed to the cemetery within three hours, there to remain in buildings erected for the purpose for three days. During these three days a wire is attached to the hands of each corpse, leading to a spring bell, so that an alarm will be given to those whose duty it is to be on guard in case of any of the bodies being only in a trance.

THE following is an account of the destruction of game in Austria by a hunting party of which the Emperor Francis made one, in 1755: There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer, of which nineteen were stags, seventy-seven roebucks, ten foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9,499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, 454 other birds. In all there were 116,209 shots fired.

THE death of Mr. Nevill Burnard, the Cornish sculptor, is announced from England. He was brought up by his father to the mason's trade, and, with no other tools than those which he had himself been able to make, he executed, at the age of fourteen years, a carving of the "Laocoon" in Cornish slate. For this he was rewarded by the Polytechnic Society at Falmouth with their first silver medal.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

BY E. L. T.

Ten years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip,
Ah! but boys hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though heaven knows why,
Small wonder had she hated,
For score of dolls she's had to cry
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out flashing I would even dare,
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime:
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years—to-day Old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty five, she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink cheeked, and bonny
Theguris are golden round her brow;
She smiles, and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her, and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered;
She likes me, and I love her now—
Dear, dear! how things have altered!

Stage Haps and Mishaps.

IT is a generally received opinion that all stage wardrobes are made up of tawdry rags, and that the landscapes and palaces that look so charming by gaslight are but mere daubs by day. But there are wardrobes and wardrobes, scenery and scenery. The dresses used for some great "get up" at the opera houses, or at the principal cities and provincial theatres, are costly and magnificent; the scenery, although painted for distance and artificial light, is really the product of artists of talent, and there is an attention to reality in all the adjuncts that would quite startle the believers in the tinsel and tawdry views.

But in these days of "theatrical upholstery," we can scarcely realize the shabbiness of the stage of the last century. There were a few handsome suits for the principal actors, but the less important ones were frequently dressed in costumes that had done service for fifty years, until they were worn threadbare and frequently in rags. In scenery there was no attempt at "sets;" a drop, and a pair of "flats," dusty and dim with age, were all the scenic accessories; and two or three hoops of tallow candles, suspended above the stage, were all that represented the blaze of gas and lime-light to which we are accustomed. The candle-snuffer was a theatrical post of some responsibility in those days. Garrick was the first who used concealed lights. The uncouth appearance of the stage was rendered still worse on crowded nights by ranges of seats raised for spectators on each side. The most ridiculous contretempt frequently resulted from this incongruity. Romeo, sometimes, when he bore out the body of Juliet from the solitary tomb of the Capulets, had to almost force his way through a throng of beaux, and Macbeth and his lady plotted the murder of Duncan amidst a crowd of people.

One night, Hamlet, upon the appearance of the Ghost, threw off his hat, as usual, preparatory to the address, when a kind-hearted dame, who had before heard him just before complain of its being "very cold," picked it up and good-naturally clapped it upon his head again. Of another kind, but very much worse, was an accident that befell Mrs. Siddons at Edinburgh, at the hands of another person who failed to distinguish between the real person and the counterfeit. Just before going on for the sleep-walking scene, she sent a boy for some porter, but the cue for her entrance was given before he returned. The house was awed into shuddering silence as, in a terrible whisper, she uttered the words "Out, out, damned spot!" and with slow mechanical action rubbed the guilty hands; when suddenly there emerged from the wings a small figure holding out the pewter pot, and a shrill voice broke the awful silence with "Here's your porter, mum." Imagine the feelings of the stately Siddons! The story is very funny to read, but depend upon it the incident gave her the most cruel anguish.

Some extraordinary and agonizing mistakes, for tragedians, have been made in what are called the flying messages in "Richard III." and "Macbeth," by novices in their nervousness mixing up their own parts with the context, as when Catesby rushed on and cried, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham's taken." There he should have stopped while Richard replied, "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!" But in his flurry the shaking messenger added, "and they've cut off his head!" With a furious look at having been robbed of one of his finest "points," the tragedian roared out, "Then curse you, go and stick it on again!"

Once upon a time I was present at the performance of the celebrated dog piece, "The Forest of Bondy," in a small country theatre. The plot turns upon a well known story, the discovery of a murder through the sagacity of the victim's dog. The play bill descanted very eloquently upon the wonderful genius of the "highly-trained" animal, and was sufficient to raise expectation on tip toe. Yet it had evidently failed to impress the public of this town, their experiences probably having rendered them skeptical of such pufferies, for the house was miserably bad.

The first entrance of "the celebrated dog Cæsar," however, in attendance upon his master, was greeted with loud applause. He was a fine young Newfoundland, whose features were more descriptive of good nature than genius. He sat on his haunches and laughed at the audience, and pricked up his ears at the sound of a boy munching a biscuit in the pit. I could perceive he was a novice, and that he would forget all he had been taught when he came to the test. While Aubrey, the hero, is passing through a forest at night, he is attacked by two ruffians, and after a desperate combat is killed; the dog is supposed to be kept out of the way. But in the very midst of the fight, Cæsar, whose barking had been distinctly heard all the time, rushed on the stage. Far from evincing any ferocity towards his master's foes, he danced about with a joyous bark, evidently considering it famous fun. Aubrey was furious, and kicked out savagely at his faithful "dawg," thereby laying himself open to the swords of his adversaries, who, however, in consideration that the combat had not been long enough, generously refused the advantages. "Get off, you beast!" growled Aubrey, who evidently desired to fight it out without canine interference. At length, when the faltering applause from the gallery began to show that the gods had had enough of it, the assassins buried their swords beneath the victim's arms, and he expired in great agony; Cæsar looking on from a respectful distance to which his master's kick had sent him, with the unconcern of a person who had seen it all done at rehearsal and knew that it was all sham, but with a decided interest in the direction of the biscuit muncher. In the next act he was to leap over a stile and ring the bell at a farm-house, and, having awakened the inhabitants, seize a lantern which is brought out, and lead them to the spot where the villians have buried his master. After some prompting he leaped the stile and went up to the bell, round the handle of which was twisted some red cloth to imitate meat; but there never was a more matter-of-fact dog than this; he evidently hated all shams, even artistic ones; and after a sniff at the red rag he went off disgusted, and could not be induced to go on again; so the people had to rush off without being summoned, carry their own lantern, and find their way by a sort of canine instinct, or scent, to the scene of the murder. But Cæsar's delinquencies culminated in the last scene, where; after the chief villian, in a kind of lynch law trial, has stoutly asserted his innocence, the sagacious "dawg" suddenly bounds upon the stage, springs at his throat, and put an end to his infamous career. Being held by the collar, and incited on, in the side scene, Cæsar's deep bark sounded terribly ferocious, and seemed to foreshadow a bloody catastrophe; but his bark proved worse than his bite, for when released he trotted on with a most affable expression of countenance, his thoughts still evidently bent upon biscuits; in vain did the villian show him the red pad upon his throat and invite him to seize it. Cæsar had been deceived once, and scorned to countenance an imposition. Furious with passion, the villian rushed at him, drew him up on his hind legs, clasped him in his arms, then fell upon the stage and writhed in fearful agonies, shrieking, "Mussy, mussy, take off the dawg!" and the curtain fell amidst the howls and hisses of the audience.

The failure or forgetfulness of stage properties is frequently a source of ludicrous incidents. People are often killed by pistols that will not fire, or stabbed with the butt ends. In some play an actor has to seize a dagger from a table and stab his rival. One night the dagger was forgotten and no substitue was there, except a candle, which the excited actor wrenched from the candlestick, and madly plunged at his opponent's breast; but it effected its purpose, for the victim expired in strong convulsions.

The stories are endless of the shifts and swindles to which country managers, at their wits' end, have had to resort to attract a sluggish public. How great singers have been advertised that never heard of such an engagement, and even forged telegrams read to an expectant audience, to account for their non-appearance. How prizes have been distributed on benefit nights—to people who gave them back again. How audiences, the victims of some false announcement, have been left waiting patiently for the performance to commence, while the manager was on his way to another town with their money in his pocket. But there is a great sameness about such stories, and one or two are a specimen of all.

SHOT!

BY MIGNONNETTE.

ALL around is one blaze of sunshine, dazzling to the eye—a golden carpet and a sapphire ceiling. All Nature is smiling in the glorious beauty of a summer day.

"What a jolly world it is, to be sure!" breathes a voice from the ground, where a girl's form lies with idle grace, prostrate as a felled tree. "A day like this, I could lie here and dream for hours, if there were no nasty, disagreeable aunts. I suppose aunt thinks I am upstairs now, pondering the moral of her lecture. Oh my! as if any one could shed tears over that stupid old Morton, though if it would not be too absurd I am sure I ought. I get into more hot water over him than ever I did in my life before. As if I did not know what I was about, and could not take care of myself!" The sublimely contemptuous expression of her face is turned to one of startled surprise, as a whole shower of scented gorse-bloom flutters and falls around her. She scrambles into a more dignified position, and looks at the comely form before her.

"Oh! Gerald, is it you? How you frightened me!" comes from the rosy lips.

"You are not easily frightened, though," laughs young Gerald Ashley; "you never heard me come along the path, and I was close upon you—nearly fell over you before I recognised the heap of clothes lying at my feet."

"Oh," with innocent sarcasm, "such a lot of donkeys pass this way, and are tethered round here, that I never take the trouble to disturb myself unnecessarily."

"Thank you, Rhoda; you certainly have the knack of saying nasty things and making people feel uncomfortable better than any one I ever met."

"Ah," indifferently, at the same time resettling herself.

Gerald sits down upon another clump, but the charm of his companionship was broken by his next remark, which he makes in a somewhat savage tone. "After all, I suppose you must say pretty enough things to Daddy Morton, or he——"

"How horrid you are!" interrupts Rhoda, pettishly. "You always will throw that man in my teeth."

"Well, you hold him there pretty tightly, Rhoda," smiling grimly.

"And I suppose it was you, who told tales about me last night and put it into aunt's head that I flirted unbecomingly."

"There was no need for me to tell tales. Your aunt must have been blind indeed, if she could not see that for herself! You behaved disgracefully, and you ought to be told of it."

Suddenly across the breezy common comes the short, sharp report of a gun—once—twice.

"Where was it, Gerald? What can they be shooting now?"

"You had better ask your friend Daddy," is the ungracious response. "He ought to know better than to let his boys shoot just what they like."

"How bitterly you hate that poor man and all his belongings! Gerald, it is really wicked. And Aunt Agnes is just as bad."

"You make us hate him, Rhoda, by the way you go on together," said Gerald Ashley.

"I don't see why my sins should be visited upon him," virtuously remonstrates Rhoda.

"But he knows what you don't, perhaps, Rhoda," Gerald tells her, gravely, "and therefore he ought not to take such advantage of your carelessness. He knows that the world—is speaking lightly of you, coupling your names together disrespectfully; he has been told of this. He encourages the talk, openly expresses his partiality for you, and twists your innocent little coquetries with him into an open mask of favor. You must know that he cannot mean anything, or he would have spoken as an honorable man before this."

"Not mean anything! How dare you interfere!" flashes Rhoda, indignantly. It is hard to be told by one lover that the other does not "mean anything." "What business is it of yours if I marry him to-morrow? What right have you to call me to account?"

"Only the right of an elder brother, Rhoda," sorrowfully replied the young man. "I think you might allot me that character, considering the number of years I have striven to act in that capacity—ever since poor Charlie died. We were boy and girl together. "It is not your fault that I have got to love you in a different way. You have snubbed me enough to make me give over such folly. I have never spoken to you like this but that once, and then you laughed in my face, and I resolved never to do so again; but if you repudiate the brother's advice and love I would fain give you, I must urge a deeper and more earnest desire for your happiness and well being, Rhoda," pleadingly. "You know me sufficiently now to be assured of my sincerity; I believe in my heart that you do not care one rush for Morton. Put an end to it all by accepting my love, and give me an authentic right to be your protector."

She look and feels considerably embarrassed. With an effort she turns her face from his searching gaze, wondering in utter despair how she "can get out of it." An asinine frequenter of the common draws nigh, attracted by the interesting little scene. The awkward moment has passed, her difficulty is no more. In stentorian tones he gaves his opinion upon the subject.

Gerald is disgusted. Rhoda, as on a similar occasion, once more laughs in his face—irrepressible, bubbling laughter that she cannot stop, the situation strikes her as being so absurd.

"You are answered, Gerald," she says when silence had been restored by a stone alighting on the donkey's hind leg, aimed with vicious straightness by her ill-used companion. "That gentleman spoke on behalf of Morton and Co. You have me at a decided disadvantage. I cannot quarrel with anybody or anything this glorious afternoon. I feel at peace with all the world. *Au revoir*. Don't forget to tell Aunt Agnes," and with another light laugh she stumbles along over the golden gorse alone, he watching her till she is out of sight.

* * * * * * *

It is past seven, in the twilight. With weary, lagging steps a young and pretty girl walks towards the large White House of Sparswood. Rhoda wonders that her Aunt Agnes is not at hand to remark upon her tardiness; her conscience accuses her of being under just condemnation, and her heart is a little faint as she mounts the steps of her home. Once in the hall, something strikes her as being wrong. What is it? Why is no one about, and everything like death?

With the same indefinable feeling of something wrong Rhoda goes upstairs in search of Miss Murdock. On the landing she encounters her, grim and austere as only that lady could be under provocation.

"I had no idea that it was so late, auntie, until I saw the sun setting." Rhoda explains, by way of apology. "I suppose Gerald gave you my message?"

"Yes, he did—the last he'll ever bring for such a bad, ungrateful girl."

"Oh, no, it isn't," the ingrate exclaims, nonchalantly, "he'll take another for me when I ask him."

"Then he will have to rise out of his coffin to do it. Oh," abandoning her rigid attitude for one of genuine grief, her voice broken with sobs, "that ever I should have lived to see it—dear boy! dear boy!"

"What is it, Aunt Agnes?" Rhoda gasps, the color fading from her lips and cheeks with a vague, fearful dread.

"Why, you've killed him!" wildly cries her aunt—"you and that wicked blackguard of a Morton between you—killed one worth the whole lot of you."

Rhoda's hand goes up to her head, and her eyes are black with anguish and fear. "Tell me," she murmurs, "what has happened."

"One of your pets"—the cruel sneer is drowned in the fast-falling tears—"one of those vile Mortons shot him."

Rhoda shudders violently, and for a few moments her lips refuse to move.

"Where—where is he hurt?" she tremblingly asks at length.

"Hurt!" almost shrieked Miss Murdoch. Then, with a sudden recollection, she lowered her voice, and hissed rather than whispered, "In his heart, that's where he's hurt!" and left her standing there alone. In his heart! Oh, merciful Heaven! then he must indeed be killed.

Mechanically she moved on to her own bedroom, and sat down upon the nearest chair. Gerald was dead—shot through the heart!

A terrible, horrible thought strikes the girl, and for a minute she reels under the shock. He is here! It is here! In this house! In that room! She must see it—him.

The room was darkened, and filled with a faint, sickly odor. Rhoda never hesitated, even now. With noiseless, swift, gliding steps she hurried towards the bed, where something lay, and gazed upon the pallid, ghastly countenance resting upon the pillow. She nestles the cold head against her bosom, and covers it with warm, passionate kisses.

"Take care, Rhoda, darling, that is my bad arm!"

She screams—who would not, at hearing the dead speak?—and is effectually restored to her senses, for Gerald's uninjured arm is round her waist, and his dear eyes are wide open, filled with a glad, joyous light.

"I am glad now that I was shot, Rhoda, dear," he murmurs, faintly; "talk to me—I am weak."

"How long before it will be strong enough to hold a wife, doctor?" laughed Gerald, shortly afterwards, when that functionary came in, and Rhoda, strangely enough, felt no embarrassment at this crude question but on the contrary, seemed everjoyed that the physician promised a cure so soon.

UNREQUITED.

BY J. C. M.

A beautiful streamlet went dancing along
With its bright brow fretted with flowers,
And it leap'd o'er the woodland with many a song,
And laugh'd through the sunny hours:
Away and away,
All the blue Summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

A willow-tree grew near the light-hearted brook,
Hanging over the beauty in pride;
And he pray'd night and day for a kiss or a look,
From the streamlet that flowed at his side.
But away and away,
All the blue Summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

All his leaves and his blossoms he shower'd on her head,
And would gladly have given his life;
But to all his affection the streamlet was dead,
And she laugh'd at the willow's heart-strife.
And away, away,
All the blue Summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

"Ah me!" sigh'd the willow; "how false was the dream!"
And, drooping, heart-broken he died;
While his last leaf, in love, he let fall on the stream
That so coldly flow'd on at his side.
And away, away,
All the blue Summer day,
The streamlet went laughing away.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXI—[CONTINUED.]

Leaning against a tree, Lord Crehylls listened to him with sinking courage and sinking hope. This story, which, related here, sounded so true and sorrowful, would, in a court of justice, be simply regarded as the excuses of an accomplice. No one would believe that he had not murdered Carbis; no one would credit the fact that he had quitted England ignorant of his death; no one would believe that he had not contrived at the error, which fastened his crime on Walter Sherborne. Striving to think of himself as he would of another man, striving to judge of the circumstances as he would if they touched some other's character, and not his own, Lord Crehylls felt himself condemned, and wondered only whether he, or Michael, or Mr. Lanyon, would be deemed the most guilty by an indignant world. When he looked upon the avalanche of woe which would fall upon his house, he felt he dared not remain and face the charge which Madeline would bring. In pity to his wife and child, in pity to her father, the worn, sorrowful man, whose last days would be disgraced, he was bound to accept the alternative Walter Sherborne's daughter had given him. In accepting exile, he would himself be the chief sufferer; and if grief fell to Agatha's share, it would be a sorrow without shame, a sorrow less dire, less terrible than the one threatening her now. Then, too, he remembered the letters in Madeline's hand, and he shivered at the thought of his mad boys love being made a theme of ribaldry by a sneering world. What a testimony, these foolish, passionate letters were against him! In what strong language he had spoken there his detestation, his contempt and jealousy of Carbis! Why his own words would condemn him a thousand times in the eyes of all who read them! There was no chance of escape if he stayed. But he would not stay; he would take the mercy this terrible girl gave, he would believe her promise of silence, leave England, and bury this story in oblivion for ever!

All this and more, ten times more, ran through his mind as he leaned against the tree silent: and when at last he looked up in Michael's face, and strove to answer him, his tongue refused its office, and he flung his arms around his foster brother's neck in a speechless agony of grief.

"I say!" cried a sharp voice; "Hallo there! Is this Grace Chagwynne's?"

Gleaming through the green trees appeared a chaise, with post-boy and smoking horses. At sight of this vision Lord Crehylls plunged hurriedly among the thick brushwood, and left Michael to answer this sudden hail.

"Yes, this is Grace Chagwynne's," he said.

"Then ask her to come here and speak to a 'lady," cried the post-boy. "I've been been an hour up and down the lanes to find this place."

Grace was soon at the chaise door, and then Lord Crehylls, unseen himself, saw Madeline's pale set face, and heard her injunctions concerning the letter.

"Give it into Mr. Lanyon's own hands yourself," she said, in her clear, resolute tones; "it is of consequence that no one should see it but him. Is Lord Crehylls here?"

"I can't exactly say miss," answered the cautious Grace.

"Never mind; he will be here," said Madeline. "Tell him when he comes, that if he chooses to read that letter, and seal it up again, he may. Tell him further, that I have just quitted his house at his wife's command," she added, and her lip curled as she said this; "and therefore the message I expect from him must be sent to me at Liskeard. I stay there to night, as it is the town nearest to Mr. Pydar's residence, to whom I shall go, if I do not hear from him before night. Have you perfectly understood me?"

"Yes, miss," said Grace, much bewildered, and curtseying as she moved away.

"One thing more," said Madeline, and her quiet voice stayed Grace's steps; "tell Lord Crehylls, that for his own sake—not mine, remember—I advise him to take every precaution that my letter is not seen by Lady Crehylls. You, on your part, must be careful to give it only to Mr. Lanyon."

Madeline could not help the tone of contempt, almost of hatred, which rang in her voice when she named Lady Crehylls. In the midst of this tragedy and dire woe her querulous, childish behavior to herself had seemed inexpressibly selfish and small, and she despised her for it;—despised her too much to use the terrible power she held in revenge. No, she would strike for justice, but not for vengeance. Lord Crehylls, listening to her clear, sharp tones, recognized the ring of hatred in them, and judged her differently. To him she was an avenger, from whose face he must flee for his life. How hard and cold and resolute she looked, as gazing through the leaves he saw the clear-cut, marble profile flash by him as the carriage rolled away!

"Michael!" he cried; but Michael was gazing out at sea, with both hands shading his dim eyes, and when he turned at last there was a strange excitement on his face.

"There's the revenue cutter," he said in a low voice. "Some one has betrayed us. When I broke from you at Crehylls, four hours ago, it was to row for my life, with Chagwyanne and Grace, to yonder headland, where I had a man stationed on the look-out. I bade him go across country the nearest way to the creek where the "Penkivel" lies, and order her to come around to St. Eglon's Point at midnight to take you and me on board; but now, unless you mean to be a prisoner to-morrow, you must go at once."

"Go at once!" echoed Lord Crehylls.

"Yes; we must go to the "Penkival," replied Michael,—"she can't come now to us. Go home and get money—get all you want—and I will bring a boat round to St. Eglon's Creek in an hour's time. There I'll wait for you, and at nightfall we can creep safely away."

The unhappy man to whom he spoke had not a word to say in answer. He read Madeline's letter and refolded and sealed it. It did but confirm his wavering resolve to fly. Then he flung himself on his horse and galloped back to the home he was to leave that night for ever.

CHAPTER XXII.

The strange, troubled look upon her husband's face struck Lady Crehylls with dismay; as from her window, she saw him dismount and enter the house hurriedly. Yet she did not descend to meet him: she did not even sent for him! Through all the rosy years of her life she had been unaccustomed to seek affection—It had always hitherto to seek her, and lavished love and happiness on her fair head. Thus, to her jealousy and sorrow there was added now a sense of wrong—a painful conviction that she was neglected, which heightened terribly the barrier which their late estrangement had set up between her and her husband. Had she been a woman less spoiled by fortune, less petted and beloved, the wall of pride in her heart would have given way before its flood of agony and of love, and with her arms about her husband's neck she would have confessed her misery, and perchance have saved him and herself from a life-long woe.

In the overflowing of this great tide of bitterness that had set in upon his soul, Lord Crehylls' most terrible thought was that he could have no friend, no confidant. A word of tenderness from his wife might have changed this belief, and opened the flood-gates of his grief; but it was unspoken, and he went away in silence, taking her very life with him. He entered her room abruptly, his whole manner nervous his face haggard and distressed; but, as is ever the case in this comedy of a world, he hid the tragedy in his heart by a few commonplace words.

"I am sorry I was not in at dinner time, Agatha."

"Where were you?" she asked.

"I was at Grace Chagwynne's."

As he spoke Lady Crehylls flushed to the brow. She remembered Madeline's directions to the post-boy, and to her jealous heart this confession seemed almost an insult.

"I suppose you saw Madeline Sylvester there?" she returned in her coldest tone.

"I did, certainly," he answered, gravely.

"Did she tell you I had ordered her to leave my house?" she demanded, proudly. "Whatever pain your conduct may inflict on me, it shall not force me to endure that girl's presence."

Lord Crehylls glanced at his wife with a sinking heart. Her coldness galled him to the quick. If only a shadow, a suspicion of the truth steeled her soul against him thus, what would her feelings be if she knew all? With trembling hand he grasped the table upon which he leant, while he steadied his lips to speak.

"If your suspicions make you hate Madeline," he said, "the thought of the great power she holds over me, and through me over you and your father also, might, I think, have kept you from insulting her."

Lady Crehylls looked at him wildly.

"Merciful Heaven! do you own it?" she said, in a low, husky voice.

"What can I do else?" replied her husband, with his eyes on the ground. "Madeline said she had not told you; but it seems she has. And yet, Agatha, Heaven help me! I am not so guilty as I seem."

"Not so guilty as you seem!" said Lady Crehylls, rising and standing before him, pale and trembling. "I never thought to hear such words as these from my husband's lips. Is our happiness gone—quite gone?"

"It is indeed," said Lord Crehylls, as great drops of agony stood on his forehead. "I leave you to-night, Agatha. Madeline gives me no alternative. She is peremptory—and who shall say when I shall see your face again? You will forgive me the pain I cause you? You will say good-bye?"

He advanced towards her, but with a dreadful cry she repulsed him, and wringing her hands tightly together, she pushed him from her with passionate despair.

"Are you so lost?" she said, with dead white lips; "so guiltily, so fearfully in that girl's power, that you dare confess to me that you leave me at her command? Good Heaven? has it come to this?"

The look of horror and of agony on her blanched face pierced the unhappy young man to the soul. He had not thought she would be so hard against him.

"Agatha," he said, hoarsely, "can I help it if it is to come to this? I never thought, when I first knew this woman—Madeline—" (he strove to speak Mrs. Sherborne's name, but failed); "I never thought to love her, or loving her, that such misery would spring from my folly. I had hoped to find you more pitiful. I take a broken and guilty heart with me into exile. I go comfortless, and I cannot leave a word of comfort here. Say what you think best to your father; as for me, I cannot find it in my heart to give him any message of peace. He knew all this, and knowing it, married you to me, in pursuance of a selfish ambition, little heeding how he wrecked your happiness. I would not have committed the cruelty of making you my wife, Agatha, for worlds, if——"

Thus far his wife had listened to him with parted lips and wild eyes; as these bitter words struck her ear, she burst forth into hysterical cries and sobs.

"Calm yourself; I entreat you," whispered Lord Crehylls, in a despairing voice; "do not add to my misery, Agatha. I will write to you from abroad, and tell you all I wish to have done. Take care of our boy."

He strained her in his arms, not heeding her faint resistance, and without another word turned towards the door; but ere he reached it, his wife sprang forward, and flinging herself before him, she clasped his knees with despairing passionate arms.

"You are not going to leave me?" she cried. "Geoffrey! speak at once! You are not going; it is too horible."

"What can I do, Agatha?" he asked, in a weak, bewildered way. "Madeline insists on it. And on the whole it is the safest plan; to remain at home would be to disgrace you all."

The clinging arms fell down as he mentioned Madeline, and starting up, Lady Crehylls fixed her eyes on him with a gaze in which grief, anger, and contempt seemed mingled.

"You are weak indeed," she said, turning from him; "henceforth you will be a wreck."

"Great heavens! is it a time to reproach me—a time to tell me bitter truths?" he cried, approaching her pleasantly. "Listen, Agatha. Keep our misery a secret, if you can. I shall tell the servants I am going for a cruise in the preventive cutter: repeat the same story to them yourself. I will find my way to some neutral port, and thence write to you. Take courage, all is not lost yet."

He bent over her, and kissed her, not passionately, scarcely even tenderly, for in his new-found remorse and sense of guilt, he fancied his wife had taken a sudden horror at his presence—it was thus he interpreted her manner—and hence he repressed his grief, and held it silent within him.

Sunk in a stupor of sorrow, fear, amazement, Lady Crehylls saw him leave her without uttering a word of the agony pent up in her heart; but when the door closed, and he vanished from her sight, a sharp cry broke from her lips, and she rushed forward to follow him, bent on making a further and more desperate effort to save him. When she reached the door she found it firmly fastened; in closing it a bolt had fallen, and in her terror and anguish, and haste, she was long in discovering this; but, drawing it back at last, she flew down the great staircase to the hall, and found it empty and quiet. Breathless, she ran from room to room, through the whole spacious suite, calling "Geoffrey!" in a hurried voice—a voice whose pain and passion rose to agony as she found each room tenantless and silent. At length, in the library, the last room in the wing, she saw from the great bay window her husband, half a mile away, riding furiously through the long avenue leading to the lodge. Then deathly coldness seized her, and, without a cry, she fell fainting to the floor.

* * * * * * *

Lord Crehylls left his horse at the lodge, saying, "Take it back to the castle, and tell Grylls I am so angry at his aiding Polgrain to escape, that I am resolved to recapture him. I shall go on board a preventive cutter, standing off the headland; and perhaps I shall not return home to night. Let them know this at the house. I was in such haste I had no time to say where I was going."

At the last style, just at the entrance to the wood, Lord Crehylls found his little son. The boy was sitting on the grass, crying lustily.

"What is the matter?" said Crehylls, taking the child in his arms. "How is it you are here alone?"

"Mary has gone down there," said the boy, pointing to a distant meadow, "and the shadows are so big, I get afraid."

It was just eight o'clock, and the deep rosy clouds of sunset were spread over the northern sky.

"My dear, you ought to be in bed," said Lord Crehylls, gazing around him anxously. But the truent nurse was nowhere to be seen. Then hollowing his hand he called to her loudly, but in vain, for there was no response.

"Curse the girl?" exclaimed the young nobleman, angrily. "How dared she neglect and leave you like this? Who is with her, Aubrey?"

"A tall man," returned the child. And frightened by his father's angry voice, he clung to him with sobs and cries.

Furious at the woman's carelessness, Lord Crehylls paced to and fro in the field, chafing and impatient, till the boy fell asleep on his shoulder, and still there was no sign of Mary and her tall sweetheart. Then, looking at his watch, he saw it was an hour and a half since he had quitted the cottage, and he dared delay no longer.

"I must take the child on to St. Eglon's Hut," he said to himself, "and send him home with Chagwynne."

He walked hastily through the wood, avoiding the ford, and only striking the river when far below that terrible spot. Following the stream, he soon found himself opposite the platform, or ledge of rock, on which stood St. Eglon's Hut. The house lay in deep shadow, for the sun was down; though on the north-western front, looking seawards, a narrow crimson streak, like blood, ran straight across the windows. All else was dark; and the long trailing plants, hanging desolately down from balcony and casement, were so thickly clustered together that as they waved to and fro in the wind, they seemed a funeral pall, fitly covering this dwelling of crime and sorrow. Gazing on the place wistfully, Lord Crehylls stood still a moment, while a shudder passed over all his frame. From this drear spot had risen all his woe. From these desolate and empty windows—blood streaked by the dying sun—there looked down on him a throng of passionate memories, all culminating in that white, evil face lying, blood-streaked too, upon the green moss by the darkening river. All the love, all the jealousy, all the agony of that time and of this pressed upon his brain, as his eyes fixed themselves in sorrow on St. Eglon's Hut. From amid the tangled leaves he saw again the small white hand that had often beckoned to him in false kindness, as in his boyish worship—unthinking as a child's—he had lingered on this very spot, longing for a sight of that rare lovely face. And for this he was wrecked: for this he was now an exile—a ruined reckless man.

Stopping the current of fevered thought that rushed wildly over his mind, he plunged deeply into the darkening wood, till St. Eglon's Hut was lost in the dusk of twilight; then turning, he regained the river side where it widened to a creek, and the tide came up with gentle ripple, lapping the large flat rocks which lay upon the beach. Here, hidden by a sharp projection of the cliff, he saw the boat, but it had but one rower, Michael Polgrain.

"What shall I do with the child?" said Lord Crehylls hurriedly.

"Step in quickly," said Michael; "you have kept me waiting too long. If any one on board the cutter recognizes me, they will chase us."

"The boy! what shall I do with the boy?" reiterated Lord Crehylls.

Then for the first time Michael saw him, and stared blankly at his foster-brother.

"When we reach the "Penkivel" we can send him home by one of the men, if you wish," replied Michael.

There was no time for expostulation or thought. Lord Crehylls stepped within the boat, and with lusty arms Michael dipped the oars in the water, and gently as a bird she crept out into the dusky sea.

CHAPTER XXI.

SIX o'clock in the bright June morning, and there came rolling into the inn yard a mail coach with four smoking horses, a coachman whose coat seemed all capes, and his throat all neckerchief; a guard in scarlet, whose chief business appeared to be to blow a horn; and a crowd of Insides and Outsides, the latter cheerful, the former sulky and sleepy.

Madeline, already dressed, looked out from her window upon the steaming horses, led away to the stable, and the fresh horses, with coats shining like satin, which were brought out plunging, and harnessed to the coach. Gazing on this scene with its attendant crowd, as on a picture, she saw a gay, careless figure, descending airily from the roof, with a small bundle in his hand. As he sprang lightly to the ground with an ease and grace which had nevertheless something repulsive in it, like the suppleness of the leopard, he lifted his hat, and displayed a handsome face, full of conceit, impudence, and swagger. "Good morning, gentleman," said he, carelessly. "This is the end of my journey. I wish a pleasant termination to yours."

No one appeared anxious to respond to this greeting; but, in no way discomfited by the coldness of his fellow-travellers, he replaced his hat with an air of easy insolence, and turned to enter the hotel. Then his bold, roving eyes caught sight of Madeline, and he instantly leered and kissed his hand with an odious assumption of gallantry, very trying to the temper of the bystanders. "Have you any luggage, sir?" asked the many-caped Jehu. "Change coachmen here, sir, if you please."

"As for luggage," returned the swaggerer, "I never carry any more than I can hold in my hand. Here it is. And as for coachmen, you may change 'em as often as you like, or the mail go on without; it's no odds to me, now I'm landed safely myself."

He would have pushed by to enter the inn, but the stout coachman stood his ground so resolutely that at length he drew forth a reluctant shilling, and tossed it towards him contemptously. This he did with a glance at Madeline, who, utterly contemning his impertinence to herself, had not stirred from her station at the window.

"Who is that young lady?" he said to the ostler, as he put himself into what he considered a fascinating attitude. She's a regular stunner."

"That's Miss Sylvester, of Penkival," returned the ostler, in a subdued voice. "She came over from Castle Crehylls last night."

"Castle Crehylls," exclaimed the traveler. "Ah! I'm come down from London on purpose to see Lord Crehylls. How far is the castle from this?"

The ostler's answer was lost in the rumble of wheels and the clatter of the mail's departure; but Madeline, who had heard the previous questions and replies, felt somewhat surprised at the appearance of this strange visitor to Crehylls. Absorbed, however, as she was in her own thoughts, the subject did not remain long in her mind, and soon she forgot it altogether, as leaning her brow on her hand, she looked sorrowfully forward to the dim uncertain future.

How lonely she was she now began to realize. This was the first time since her childhood that the sun had risen upon her, and found her homeless, defenceless, and alone! If Mr. Lanyon had been her father's most cruel enemy, he had certainly been a friend to her; his rank, his wealth, position, had guarded her with a triple shield, beneath which she had found shelter, if not peace. Now all was changed. She was out in the wilderness, friendless, and must fight her difficult way alone, against the world's hardness and cruelty. Yet she knew, if she published her story she would meet with sympathy and kindness, and a tide of execration would set in against those whom she had left, guilty but safe. Once more she had been too generous, and she looked at her watch impatiently, longing for the hour of grace to pass. But even before the hour of seven a messenger from Lord Crehylls came to her. It was Martin Chagwynne. He brought her a slip of paper, bearing only these words: "By the time this reaches you, I shall have quitted England forever."

As she read this, Madeline sank into a chair, and burst into passionate tears. Was this light sentence on Lord Crehylls to be the only fruit of her father's letter? Why had she comforted herself with this small justice, and left his name and fame uncleared? How foolishly pitiful she had been! She was ashamed now of her weakness.

"I trust there is nothing wrong, miss," said Chagwynne. "My lord went away last night with my brother-in-law Michael, and I don't think he is returned yet, but I have not been to the castle to see. Is there any answer to take back, Miss?"

"None," replied Madeline, wearily.

"I hope there's nothing wrong," repeated Chagwynne, anxiously. "I have been away all night on Michael's business, so I don't know the news like, and you seem so whist miss."

"So this note was given to you yesterday?" said Madeline.

"My lord wrote it before he rode away last evening, miss."

Madeline's lip curled as she heard this. If any doubt of Lord Crehylls' guilt had crept into her heart, it vanished now.

"Could he quit wife, and child, and home so easily, if what he said, and what Michael Polgrain said, of an inadvertent blow, were true?" she asked herself. "No, it is only guilt which decides so quickly on flight; it is only guilt which makes haste to escape and fears an avenger in every shadow."

Justified to herself by this reflection, she thought of Lord Crehylls's protestations only with contempt and indignation, and wondered more and more at the pity she had shown him.

"The moment I knew the truth, I should have rooted up old feelings and old associations with a strong hand," she cried to her own heart. "I have betrayed the trust my father gave me; I have been cruel to his memory; I have been weak as water."

In the fever of her mind, feeling it impossible to remain inactive, she resolved to proceed on her journey at once; so, dismissing Chagwynne, she rang her bell, and ordered that a place might be secured for her in the coach expected up from Truro.

"It is full inside and out, miss," said the waiter. "They sent us up word this morning that every place is booked as far as Plymouth."

"Then if I post to that town, I shall be able to procure a seat in the stage for London?" she returned.

"Plenty of coaches there, miss, so if you can't get a place in one, you will in another."

"Then get a post-chaise ready as quick as you can."

Madeline gave the order with a sigh, for her stock of money was not large, and posting was expensive. She began to feel inexpressibly forlorn. Until now no anxiety respecting money had ever troubled her; but to-day she stood on the threshold of a new life, and she felt that she had many lessons to learn. When her chaise clattered into the yard she saw the swaggerer, who had descended from the down mail, standing by looking on while her luggage was secured on the roof; and when she appeared at the door ready to depart, he came forward officiously, and wishing her a pleasant journey, presented his hand to assist her into the chaise. Setting it aside quite calmly, too proud to be ruffled by the offensive leer of admiration in his eyes, Madeline bent her head silently to the crowd standing around, and in another moment she had commenced her solitary and self-reliant journey.

But the shabby Don Juan who had molested her was apparently resolved she should not escape him so easily, for scarcely was she a mile on the road before the hard, handsome, dissipated face was at the window of her chaise. He rode a bony, hired hack, and regardless of the wheels, he brought the poor beast close beside them, and leaning his hand upon the door, he bent his head, saying, in a coarse voice, "I know you, Miss Sherborne. If you had been civil to me, I might have told you something worth knowing. I am a fellow easily won over by a handsome face; but I don't choose to be treated with contempt, so I'll carry my knowledge elsewhere."

Too brave to be frightened, and yet too defenceless to threaten the ruffian, Madeline's face flushed with indignation.

"I am alone, sir," she said; "a circumstance, of which apparently a coward knows how to take advantage."

Beckoning with his hand for the post-boy to slacken his speed, he put his head still lower, while his over-red lips broke into a smile.

"What a pity you didn't make me your friend," he returned. "We might have gone to London together. A post-chaise for the two, eh? And if I get any luck at Crehylls, I would have paid the piper."

"You had better leave me," said Madeline, with quivering lips, "or I will appeal to the first honest man I meet, to protect me against your insolence."

"Nonsense, my pretty dear; we are relations," he returned, with a loud laugh. "I knew you the moment the folks at the inn gave me your history. A case of conscience, eh, with old Lanyon? His ward, indeed! Ha, ha! I guess the whole story. Sylvester, too, is a mighty pretty name, but no whit better than Sherborne, is it? Upon my word, Tom Singleton is in luck," he continued, and again his insolent eyes were fixed on her face. "I hope you'll marry him for my sake. Give my love when you meet, and tell him you have seen his affectionate father-in-law, Dick Rathline. Ah, here's the road to the castle. I'm afraid we must part now. Now, if you had only been the least bit civil to me—I am such a fool where a pretty girl is concerned—I might have told you for nothing a little secret which I shan't tell at Crehylls under a thousand pounds.—Won't you shake hands? No? Well, good-bye."

Carelessly lifting his hat, Mr. Rathline rode away, and Madeline saw the easy swaggering figure, with head jauntily on one side, going down the hill towards Crehylls in a blaze of Summer sunshine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Have you heard the news?" said Mrs. Gilbert, pulling up her horses with a jerk by the road side, as Justice Pydar came slowly along in his pony chaise.

"No. Is Lord Crehylls returned?" he cried eagerly.

"He never will return," answered Mrs. Gilbert. "The revenue cutter has gone down with all hands on board."

"Good heavens!" cried the old justice. "This is too horrible. Surely it is not true?"

"It is true enough," replied the lady. "I had it from the man who saw her founder."

"And is it certain that Lord Crehylls was on board of her?" asked the justice, [dubiously.

"Well, they say so at the castle," replied Mrs. Gilbert, "and I don't see why they should tell any stories about the matter. It seems he was dreadfully angry at the escape of that obstinate smuggler, Polgrain, and he rowed out to the cutter to explain the matter to the officer—at least, that's the tale they told me."

The old justice shook his head wisely, and then remarked, "It is a queer affair altogether. Have you seen Lady Crehylls?"

"No; indeed that was hardly to be expected," said the lady. "She has not seen a soul since the night the child was lost."

"Poor lady," resumed the justice. "I can scarcely wonder she has broken down. But I hope we shall find the boy in a day or two. We are scouring the country now in all directions, and it is not likely the gipsies are gone far."

"But I don't believe in gipsies stealing children," said Mrs. Gilbert incredulously.

"Who else could have taken him?" asked the justice. "Those people will steal children for the sake of their clothes, or for the reward offered for them—for the latter, in this case; they hope to make a good thing of it, doubtless. But if I can lay hold of them they shan't get a penny."

"Then you really believe the nursemaid's story, that she only left the child for a minute, and that she met gipsies as she rushed homewards?" said Mrs. Gilbert.

"I don't see why we should disbelieve her," returned Mr. Pydar. "She is an honest girl enough, and she has been in a frantic state of grief ever since the child was lost."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gilbert, grimly, "I suppose it is scarcely wise in this world to say all one thinks, but really, it seems strange ——"

She stopped, and looked curiously in Justice Pydar's face.

"You need not be afraid to trust me," observed the old gentleman. "Whatever you say shall never pass my lips to a living soul. I am very careful, I assure you, how and to whom I repeat things."

"Well, it is lucky we are out without any servants," said the lady, "else I could not venture to speak confidentially. You must know that my maid and Lady Crehylls's maid are sisters; and she was down at my place last night, and she says——no, really, I had better not mention it, Mr. Pydar. It is serious, I assure you."

"As you please," said the disappointed justice; "but you would be surprised, perhaps, at a little fact I could tell you. I am not afraid to trust to your discretion, Mrs. Gilbert, though you appear to doubt mine."

Mrs. Gilbert was not proof against the bait. She dropped the rein over the backs of her ancient and dozing steeds, and leaning far out of the phaeton, she said, in a low voice, "The truth is, there is a mystery—a something dreadful, I believe, behind all this. Lady Crehylls does not give any credit to the story about the smuggler, and although the fact of the cutter being lost is not disputed, I happen to know she has ordered no mourning. She is perfectly distracted with grief; but she does not believe her husband is drowned."

"What does she think, then?" asked the justice with wide open eyes.

"Something worse," replied his friend. "Don't you think it a curious coincidence that Miss Sylvester has quitted Crehylls so suddenly?"

She asked this question in such a meaning way that the justice could not possibly misunderstand her.

"Bless my soul!" he said in amazement. "What reason can Lady Crehylls have for such an idea? Miss Sylvester is engaged to young Pellew, you know; and I give you my word she is gone to London. I saw the post-boy who drove her."

"Gone to London, by herself?" repeated Mrs. Gilbert, with immense emphasis. "That is an outrageous thing for a young girl to do. As for Mr. Pellew, I am certain she did not like him. I am certain she refused him at the castle a month ago. If she accepted him afterwards, it was for a mere blind—that's my opinion. But then, I confess, I never liked the girl, or even thought her handsome."

"And has Lady Crehylls this opinion too?" asked the justice.

"And worse even," said Mrs. Gilbert, bowing her head in assent; "she believes Miss Sylvester has stolen her child."

"That is a little too strong, I think," said Mr. Pydar, flicking away a fly from his pony's ear.

"Ah! I see you take that girl's part," observed Mrs. Gilbert; "but that is because you know nothing of the state of things at Crehylls lately. I can tell you there have been great quarrels between Lady Crehylls and Miss Sylvester, and that they've been hardly on speaking terms this last fortnight. Are you aware that the young lady left the castle at the command of its mistress?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Farm and Garden.

DRIED FRUIT.—It is said that a small quantity of sassafras bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The bark is easily obtainable, and the experiment worth trying.

SCALY LEGS.—Scaly legs in fowls are caused by a parasitic mite which burrows under the skin of the shank and feet. They may be destroyed by applying a mixture of lard and kerosene oil.

FARM FACTS.—Kindness to stock, like good shelter, saves feed and adds flesh. No smoking should be allowed around barns—nor any other place. A lump of rock salt should always be where the cows can have access to it. A good pile of dry wood, cut right for the stove, and piled in some dry place, is a good thing to preserve the peace of the family.

POTATOES IN WINTER.—Potatoes stored in cellars in some cases rotten. To check or prevent this, keep the cellar as cool as possible without freezing. Then scatter quick lime over them. This is of threefold benefit. It keeps them from rotting, makes the potatoes drier and better, and disinfects the atmosphere, preserving the family from malarial fevers.

FEEDING BRAN WITH MEAL.—For winter feeding, where cattle are kept in stalls and heavily fed, there is no better divisor for corn meal than wheat bran. It is also cheap, and furnishes what the corn meal lacks. When cattle are fed on corn meal as the principal food for fattening, it is apt to clog if fed in too large quantities, hence our best feeders are in the habit of using bran as the cheapest and best means for rendering the meal fed more digestible.

PROTECT THE OWLS.—Not unfrequently when passing through the market we see specimens of owls hung up in the stalls of the game and poultry dealers in the most ignominious manner by the head, as though they were the worst of vermin. Such a fate they do not deserve; indeed, they ought to be protected both in the breeding season and out of it. They are most useful about barns and elsewhere in destroying small vermin, and therefore all farmers and gardeners should carefully protect this harmless bird, which not only confers such benefits on man, but is in its habits so curious and interesting.

HOW TO PRUNE THE GRAPE.—The custom has usually been to prune in February, but we believe it would be better if done earlier. The excised portions should be cut up in pieces from one to two feet in length, as the buds might be best adapted to planting, tied in bundles of say one or two dozen, and buried a few inches under the soil in a location whence the water would drain off, or under an open shed. There they would keep fresh and in full life until planting in the spring. The vines should be cut loose from the trellis and left to sprawl over the ground, in which position they will stand the winter much better than if left fastened to the trellis.

"Jules Verne's voyage round the world in eighty days," says Galignani, "has now been surpassed by Mr. Hars, American Consul at Alexandria, Egypt, who has done the journey in sixty-eight days. It took him 30 days to go from Alexandria to San Francisco, by Brindisi, Paris, London, Liverpool, and New York; 20 days also to go from San Francisco to Yokohama; 6 days to reach Hong-Kong, 10 days to travel from this latter place to Ceylon, and 12 days more to go from Ceylon to Suez, when he got back to Alexandria in a very few days.

A Washington correspondent who has been investigating the subject of the sale of photographs there, writes that Mrs. Hayes leads all others. Of the Senators, that of Mr. Blaine goes off best, with Lamar and Gordon following, while Conkling is far in the rear, even Taurman beating him. Of the Representatives, Speaker Randall leads, with A. H. Stephens close on his heels, and Gen. Butler next. An extra supply of Blaine's was laid in to meet the emergency of his last speech.

"Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle, has gone to Boston again. The Madison *Journal* says that orders for histories of the battle-worn bird are frequently received from abroad, and it is estimated that over $50,000 has been earned by him for all sorts of societies, in the sale of photographs and histories and entrance fees to fairs.

Professor Edison claims to have discovered some subtle, evasive force which he calls etheric force. He says it lies somewhere between light and heat on one hand, and magnetism and electricity on the other. Other scientists have directed attention to this new force, but even Edison has failed to learn more than the fact of its existence.

There are different avenues to fame. The Maine newspapers announce that "the lady who made the first pair of trousers for the lamented William Pitt Fessenden, died recently at New Gloucester at the age of 98 years. Her name was Judith Howe."

Additional police, in the place of agents of the new Criminal Investigation Department, are now on duty at Windsor Castle. Socialistic dangers are hinted at. The railroad stations are watched.

Wolves have destroyed one-third of the deer of the Lapps this summer, and nearly all the young ones.

MARY MABEL.

BY E. W. MOLLEY.

Ah! world of girls, whose brilliant eyes,
Match the stars in splendor,
Who shall blame, or show surprise,
If I no homage render?
Though, indeed, your charms are rare,
As those told of in fable,
Still, 'tis truth, they can't compare,
With the charms of Mabel.

Nora, Kitty, Jenny, all,
With such bright eyes beaming,
Plump or graceful, short or tall,
Idle is your scheming.
For my worship, since so close,
As love's staunchest cable
Ever bound hearts, I suppose,
Mine is bound to Mabel.

Blame me? No, you would not blame,
Could your eyes behold her.
You would think the passion tame,
With which I enfold her;
You would then, I'm sure, confess,
Beauty's staunchest cable,
Binds the crown of loveliness,
On the brow of Mabel!

Thus my heart throbs night and day,
To this sweet emotion;
And no cloud obscures a ray
Of true faith's devotion!
And my young friends, short or tall,
From Asy to Zerubbel,
There can be no doubt at all,
Beauty's Queen, is Mabel.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

"WILL you be friends?" she repeated; and this time her lip quivered.

He did not touch the hand she held out to him. He had bidden farewell to those hands—their least touch was no longer for him.

"Do you mean, Lady Chevenix, to ask me if I will be your friend? I do not see that that is possible—you forget the difference in our positions."

"You are Lady Maude's friend," she interrupted.

"Yes, that is natural. I have business relations with Lady Maude's father. It is quite a different matter. There never can be much friendship, I think, between people of different positions."

The tears stood in her eyes.

"I did not think you could have spoken so to me," she said.

"I am unfortunate if I have spoken impolitely or abruptly," he returned. "Friendship is a very sacred thing to me—I never lightly use the word—and I cannot but say that for Lady Chevenix of Garswood and a very hard-working lawyer, there can be no common ground."

"I have known you all my life," she said.

He looked at her—he did not speak; it seemed to him that further speech would be imprudent. Her eyes fell before the clear, honest gaze; there was no reproach in it, no upbraiding, but it reached the depths of her soul.

They came to the end of the path; he did not turn back. There was a garden-chair; she sat down upon it, and he passed on with a low bow.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lady Chevenix and Felix Lonsdale did not meet again for some time. Sir Owen had not made a very favorable impression at Bramber Towers. The Earl had invited him, with his beautiful young wife, to a grand ball, but Felix was not present, and Sir Owen forgot himself so far as to drink too much, and then; when intoxicated, to use coarse language.

In September Sir Owen was invited to be present at a grand political banquet given at Ordstone, and Felix made one of the most telling speeches of the night. It was so eloquent, so magnificent in its true noble ideas, its picturesque language, that it became popular; a man who could speak so well ought to be in Parliament, the leaders said—and it seemed very probable that at the next election Felix would stand an excellent chance.

Sir Owen was startled; he thought a great deal about "young Lonsdale." With all his dense stupidity, he was capable of admiring great talent in others. Another thing struck him. During the banquet he sat next to Captain Hill, who told him that he had heard Lord Arlington say that the wisest action of his life was the placing of his affairs in the hands of Darcy and Felix Lonsdale. Sir Owen thought a great deal of that; a good, clever, trustworthy land-agent was a person he had long desired above all others, and, if the Lonsdales served Lord Arlington so faithfully, they would perhaps serve him in a like manner. He thought over it some days before he mentioned the subject to his wife.

He knew that he was deficient in business capacity. In his sober and most sensible moments he owned that. Study—learning of any kind—had always been irksome to him. He had never read anything but the daily newspapers and some of the sporting prints; he could not write a letter properly, and he had just sense sufficient to know his own shortcomings.

One morning he received a number of letters that puzzled him—some documents that he could not understand were sent for him to sign.

"A man may sign his whole fortune away without knowing it," he said. "I wish I had some clever man to see to it all for me. Arlington has none of this trouble, I know."

Lady Chevenix, in her graceful morning-costume, sat opposite to him. They had just finished breakfast, and that was, as a rule, his most most amiable hour. He looked up at his wife suddenly; he had never consulted her on any business before, and would not have done so now but that she knew the Lonsdales.

"Violet," he said, "what a clever man that young Lonsdale is! He is making quite a good position for himself. I should not be surprised to hear of his going into Parliament."

He did not notice the flush on her face or the agitation. She did not know what answer to make—she dared not say she was glad. Sir Owen did not want an answer. He went on—

"I have been thinking of asking him to be my land-agent; they say he does so well for Arlington. I really cannot grapple with all these matters myself; and he seems to be the only man about here who has a head worth carrying on his shoulders. I wonder if he would undertake the post if I asked him, Violet?"

"I cannot tell—I do not know," she replied.

"But you must; surely you have some idea—you have known them a long time. What do you think?"

"I should say the Lonsdales would be very pleased; they ought to be. You would pay them well, of course?"

"I should be quite willing to give five hundred a year; but then I should expect all my work done for that. I pay almost as much as that now in one way or another. I think I shall go and see them about it, Violet."

"It would be the wisest plan," she said.

"Young Lonsdale has not shown any great anxiety to visit us," he continued, with a sneering laugh. "Perhaps he has not quite forgiven me about you—eh, Violet?—though he did not seem to care about it."

"He has forgotten all that nonsense," said Violet. "I do not believe he remembers even that we were friends."

"So much the better. I shall call to-day, and see them. If young Lonsdale consents, I will make him come and dine with us. He dines often enough at Bramber Towers. I hope he will consent. I thought of travelling next year; and I should enjoy my tour much better if I left him in command."

"I hope you will succeed," she replied—and she did hope so; she would have been glad of anything that would have forced Felix into her society. She was lonely in spite of all her grandeur, and there were times when she was dreadfully tried.

It was hard work to live with Sir Owen; she had to watch him incessantly to study his humors, to obey him readily; she had less liberty than the wife of many a poor peasant. She would be so pleased and so content if she could see Felix sometimes—not that she wanted any allusion even as to their former acquaintance, but that she never knew what that sweet sunny presence of his had been to her life until it had passed out of it.

If they could meet sometimes, and laugh as they used to laugh over all the little comic scenes and sensations Lilford afforded, if she could talk to him of some of the thoughts and ideas that began to crowd upon her mind and brain, she would be well pleased; there was always a sense of something wanting, something missing, in her life. So that she hoped that he would consent to act as Sir Owen's agent. Surely she should see him occasionally.

Her husband was not a pleasant companion, and at times, when her nerves and patience were overtaxed, she would go to her mother with a long list of complaints. But Mrs. Haye was always diplomatic. She would listen with every appearance of sympathy; she would condole with her daughter, and then she would say, "Every wife, my dear, has a great deal to undergo; the foolish ones talk about their troubles, the wise ones keep it to themselves. After all, you must expect some little drawback. You have wealth, title, grandeur, diamonds, carriages, servants; the only drawback is your husband, and you must study to bear with him as well as you can."

That was all the comfort that Lady Chevenix ever had from her mother.

Francis Haye would say to her at times—

"I do not like to interfere, Violet; but is all this that I hear about your husband's intemperate habits true?"

"I am afraid so, father," she would reply; and then he would add—

"Can you do nothing to check him? A wife should have some influence over her husband."

"I can do nothing," she would answer; and then her father would doubt whether after all, things had happened for the best.

* * * * *

Sir Owen rode over to Lilford, and called at the office in Castle Street. If he had found Felix there, his request would have been refused; but Darcy Lonsdale was in the office, and listened calmly to what the Baronet had to say.

"I cannot give you an immediate answer; but I will think over your proposition and let you know our decision."

Sir Owen stopped while he said something about his earnest desires, and he made some impression on Darcy Lonsdale by his evident trust in him. Once the elder man was inclined to turn round and say, "You robbed my son of the greatest joy of his life—his love—and I will have nothing to do with you or anything belonging to you." But that would have been undignified, and he had learned his lesson of mercy. To him there was something pitiful in the fact of this strong, coarse, rich man, unable to take care of his own, unable to hold his position with dignity, appealing to him for the sensible management that he could not give himself.

He would not decide hastily; he did not think his son would like the business. But five hundred per annum was a consideration; besides which, Darcy Lonsdale shrank from the remarks that people would make if he refused such an offer. He said nothing about it until he returned home at night, and then he found Eve Lester there, and the matter was reviewed in the solemn council.

"I say take it," urged Kate. "It seems to me really, Darcy, that there is an especial Providence for us. Take it, by all means. It is a sin to throw five hundred a year away."

"My dear Kate, this is more a matter of sentiment than of money," said Mr. Lonsdale.

"I am of Kate's opinion," put in Evelyn. "I quite think you should accept it. If you do not, people will say disagreeable things."

"I have thought of that too. The general impression would be that Felix held some kind of resentment against Lady Chevenix, or that he had still some lingering liking left for her. What do you say yourself, Felix?"

"My dear father, I will say nothing," he smiled. "It is a matter of utter indifference to me. I do not see that there is the least connection between Lady Chevenix and her husband's agency. Accept or decline it, just as you will."

"If I accept it, I will undertake to do all the work," said Darcy Lonsdale.

"Then I will do more for you, so that you may not feel it," said Felix.

"There would be one thing," remarked Mr. Lonsdale. "If we take the agency, we shall be compelled to visit Garswood at times; and I do not know whether you would like that, Felix."

"I shall neither like nor dislike it," he replied. "It is a matter of utter indifference to me. I do not like Sir Owen, I confess; as to Lady Chevenix I say nothing. If we are compelled to visit them, we must suffer the penalty of mixing in society."

He spoke in a tone of such perfect freedom and indifference that Darcy Lonsdale said to himself, "He has forgotten her;" but Kate and Eve both looked anxiously at him. He looked indifferent, and Kate thought he had achieved the victory; but Eve knew better, and understood that he would fight to the death, but would never yield. So, after a long and animated discussion, it was decided that Darcy Lonsdale should write to Sir Owen and tell him that his offer was accepted.

"I am glad," said Eve, "for I hear many people say that unless matters improve the time will come when Lady Chevenix will want somebody to look after her interests. Sir Owen drinks dreadfully, and has no thought of the hundreds he lavishes when he is not sober. Poor Lady Chevenix, with all her beauty, may yet want a friend."

"I hope not," said Darcy Lonsdale kindly. "If I have anything to do with Sir Owen's affairs, I shall do my best always with her."

So the matter was settled, and Sir Owen, when he read the note in which Mr. Lonsdale gave his consent was grateful. He took it at once to his wife.

"They have consented, Violet," he said. "Now from this day henceforth I shall lead a happy life; all that reading and writing and worry was too much for me. I was tired of it."

She read the note, and laid it down without comment.

"Are you pleased, Violet?" he asked.

"I am pleased if you are," she replied.

She was thinking whether this would bring her and Felix more together.

"I tell you what we'll do, Violet. We will give a grand dinner-party, and you must ask all the people from Bramber Towers, with Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale and Felix. See about it at once; send the notes out to-day."

She obeyed him without a word.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WE cannot refuse," said Darcy Lonsdale, as he held Sir Owen's invitation open in his hands. "We must go this once, and then we can please ourselves afterwards. What do you say, Felix?"

Felix thought for a few minutes, and then he said frankly—

"To tell you the truth, father, I think I would rather not go—I do not like this idea. To transact Sir Owen's business is all very well, but to dine with him is quite another thing."

"You shall please yourself," returned Mr. Lonsdale. In his heart, although he had felt great compassion and great indignation concerning his son, he was pleased that he not married Violet. He had seen no chance of happiness for him—he had resented her conduct to him.

Darcy Lonsdale knew that his son was bitterly wounded, but he said to himself, "Pain is discipline," and every one had some kind of trouble to undergo. So, when he declined to go to Garswood, Darcy sighed to himself, and was sorry that he still felt the rankling of an old wound.

But Kate would not have it so; for the first time almost in her life she differed from her step-son.

"You must go, Felix," she said. "Only think what people will say if you stay away! Even Lady Chevenix herself will be flattered and think you dare not meet her. Go, Felix; I should not like to give her that triumph. You will have to meet her some time or other—do it now."

He was not quite willing at first, but after a time Kate persuaded him, and it was arranged they should go.

Yet Felix hardly liked it. To have refused Sir Owen's agency would have been to stand in his father's light, to prevent the children from receiving the benefits of an ample income. He would not do that; but when he was in sight of Garswood he hated himself for having come near the place. He could not help wondering how Lady Chevenix would receive him, what she would say to him, whether she would be pleased, or the reverse.

"It can never be pleasant for her to meet me," he thought. "The sight of me must remind her of her unfaithfulness."

As he came in view of the towers and turrets of Garswood he expressed this idea to his father. He wished even then that he could return. He looked anxiously into his father's face.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we have compromised our independence by accepting the agency."

"My dear Felix," Darcy Lonsdale laughed, "if every man were to carry his private feelings into business, business would soon stop. Men come to my office who have slandered me, who helped to raise the cry that I had robbed James Hardman of his rights. I have to forgive them. I do not make friends with them, but I freely forgive them and do business for them; you must do the same. Bear one thing in mind, and you will never be vexed about coming here. You are invited here, not as the lover whom Miss Violet Haye in her innocent pride forsook, but as the agent without whose services and restraining hand Sir Owen, rich as he is, will soon be ruined."

"There is common sense in that view," said Felix.

"Then, again, for your own sake, Felix, forget the past. The world is very unjust. A woman forsaken is always pitied; a man forsaken is always laughed at. Let people say how little it must have affected you since you can visit her husband—not how bitterly you must grieve after her since you are compelled to decline all invitations."

And with these words the carriage stopped before the great entrance. Father and son entered the superb hall with its ancient oak and armor, its stained glass windows, and ancient crests emblazoned everywhere.

They passed through a broad beautiful corridor where statuary—copies of the great masterpieces of the world—stood, where blooming flowers gave color and fragrance—through magnificent rooms, until they reached the great drawing-room where Sir Owen and Lady Chevenix their guests. Several were already assembled, but standing apart from all others Felix saw Lady Chevenix.

It was the first time he had met her in her own home, in the midst of the splendor that was now hers, and his eyes were dazzled by her wondrous beauty. Her dress of white silk with trailing roses was richly trimmed with fringe of gold. She wore a tiara of diamonds set in gold. Her exquisite beauty and her exquisite dress dazed him for a few moments, but he made no sign; and Darcy Lonsdale was proud of his son, as he advanced with priestly grace and carriage into the room and bowed to the lovely woman who, despite all her efforts, grew deathly pale as she saw him.

Lord Arlington, who never neglected any opportunity of publicly showing his great affection and regard for Darcy Lonsdale, went up to him and began a long and interesting conversation with him. Lady Maude called Felix to her side. And so the Lonsdales' arrival passed off as the arrival of any other guests would have done.

"I am glad you came," said Lady Maude to Felix. "I was afraid you would refuse—and I should have been sorry for that."

Then dinner was announced, and the long and stately procession moved forward to the dining room. Felix, from where he sat, could not only see Lady Chevenix, but he could hear all that was passing. He wondered at her perfect grace and elegance. She took her place at that superbly-appointed

table as though she had been accustomed to it all her life. There was no shyness, no *mauvaise honte*, no *gaucherie* of manner. If she had been the daughter of a duchess, she could not have been more well-bred, more refined and graceful. He watched her keenly, and with wonder. Where had she acquired her perfect grace and ease of manner?

Sir Owen, awed by the presence of his distinguished guests, behaved with great propriety, and altogether the dinner was a great success. Lady Chevenix gave the signal to the Countess of Arlington, and the ladies rose. Felix sprang up to open the door for them. His eyes met Violet's, and he saw a red flush cover her face, and rise even to the roots of her hair.

Was she ashamed of the price of her faithlessness? he wondered. Was she ashamed to parade before him her wealth, her grandeur, her jewels? The more shame she felt the better for her—it was a good sign. The gentlemen had a pleasant half hour, and then they rejoined the ladies.

"Surely," thought Lady Chevenix, "I shall be able to see him, to say a few words to him. I must know if he always intends to be as he is now, so cold, so proud, so unforgiving."

But it was a far more difficult matter than she had thought. She could not speak to him without attracting observation, unless he either purposely or accidentally found himself near her. Perhaps he would make the opportunity, she thought—but he did not. He talked a great deal to Lord and Lady Arlington, and at times to Lady Maude; but at last came an opportunity. Some one asked for the old-fashioned glee. "When shall we three meet again?" and Lady Chevenix remembered that she had the music. Felix was to take the tenor part—he had a glorious tenor voice, rich, clear, and ringing. She turned to him with a charming smile—

"The music is with some old folks of mine in the canterbury—will you help me to find it?" So, while the room was filled with laughter and song, Lady Chevenix and Felix bent over the music-books to look for the glee. She turned her head, and said in a low voice—

"I want to speak to you, Felix—will you listen to me for a few minutes?"

"If you wish it," he replied coldly.

"I do wish it. I want to know if all our lives we are to be like this."

"Like what, Lady Chevenix?" he asked.

"You know what I mean—if our lives are to be so entirely apart, if you will be always cold and distant and proud to me—if you will always avoid me and ignore my presence?"

He looked at her in mute wonder.

"Must I remind you of one thing, Lady Chevenix?" he asked.

"What is that?" she said.

"That it was your hand that separated us—that broke all ties."

"Yes, I know that; but we could not be friends? Could you not come to see us sometimes—talk to me, share our amusements, and be really a friend—could you not do this, Felix?"

"No," he said, "I could not."

"Why?" asked the sweet soft voice.

"Because I happen to be a man, and not a statue—because I have a human heart, and am not made of marble. Our lives lie apart, Lady Chevenix."

"You might be kinder," she said; and the beautiful woman shrank from him as though he had struck her a blow.

"No," he rejoined, "it would not be possible. As the wife of another man, you are nothing to me; to enter into a compact of friendship with you would endanger what I hope to keep stainless until I die—my honor before men and Heaven. Our lives lie quite apart, and nothing can bring them into contact."

"Can I help you, Violet?" said a voice near them; and, looking up, Lady Chevenix saw the anxious face of her mother.

Mrs. Haye bent over the music-books.

"I will assist my daughter, Mr. Lonsdale," she said coldly.

Felix bowed and left them.

"My dear Violet," said Mrs. Haye, "how can you be so imprudent? Why do you talk to him? You will cause remark that will not please you."

"Mamma," replied Violet, raising her white face, "he says that he will not even be friends with me."

"So much the better, my dear. Lady Chevenix of Garswood will choose her friends from amongst the highest in the land, not from old playfellows. Try to look like yourself, Violet."

"I will; but I wish I were dead, mamma."

"Nonsense, child. See, Lady Maude is waiting for you. Come, now, my darling Violet—courage; this is but childish nonsense."

So with inspiriting words she brought the smiles back to the sweet face; but in her heart she resolved that Lady Chevenix should see but little of Felix Lonsdale while she was there, and she kept her resolve.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FIVE years had passed since the peal of Violet Haye's wedding-bells had driven her lover Felix almost mad, since the wonderful turn of good fortune had come to the Lonsdales and made them famous—five years, and they had brought with them many changes. The business and the fair fame of Lonsdale and Son had wonderfully increased; they were compelled to engage more clerks, to enlarge their offices. Times had marvellously changed. Mrs. Lonsdale had a pretty carriage now and no stint of silk dresses; the children had most of them gone to college and school. The house had been beautifully furnished; there was a general air of prosperity about it that was pleasant.

Darcy Lonsdale seemed to have recovered more than his usual health and strength; he had never been so happy, so prosperous and contented. Over and over again he said to himself that his misfortune had been a blessing. He attended almost entirely to Sir Owen's business—Felix very seldom interfered with it; but he in his turn attended entirely to Lord Arlington's. The firm was eminently prosperous, and it was fast taking the place of one of the most eminent in the country.

A great change had come to Felix. These five years had wonderfully improved him. He was looked upon as the rising man of the day; his society was courted; his opinion was sought upon every leading question. He had not risen however without effort on his part. No one but himself knew how he had worked, how he had studied far into the silent hours of the night, how he had spent in reading the hours that other men give to amusement and recreation. He was like a king amongst his fellow-townsmen; he made for himself a reputation far beyond Lilford; he was known as a clever writer, as the author of some of the most brilliant essays and articles published. He retained all the simple habits of his boyhood; he reverenced and loved his father, he loved Kate and the little ones. He might have set up a separate establishment for himself, but he was quite content with the old home at Vale House. The only luxury in which he had indulged was the purchase of a spirited thoroughbred. When he had worked until eye and brain and nerve were exhausted, he would ride through the green lanes, gallop over the breezy commons, and return with renewed vigor.

They asked themselves, those who loved him best, if he had forgotten his unhappy love-affair. It was impossible to say; those who watched him most keenly and kindly—Eve and Kate—could not tell. They could see that he devoted himself to business and study, to kindly interest in his home; he seemed to care for nothing else. Had he forgotten the past?

Henever mentioned Lady Chevenix; he never made any of those half-bitter, half-cynical remarks in which disappointed men so indulge. If any one spoke of her in his presence, he listened, and replied if necessary; but there was nothing revealed in his manner. Kate said to herself proudly that he had forgotten her, that his heart was too noble to keep alive the memory of a woman so false. Eve knew him better. There were times whenever a gallop over the breezy uplands did not set him straight, and then he would go over to the Outlands.

"I have come to chat with you, Eve," he would say. "Have you an hour to spare?"

Then one look at his face, at the shadowed eyes, would tell her that he was doing fierce battle with his foe. She would go into the pretty old-fashioned sitting-room, and, making him sit in a comfortable arm-chair, would talk to him. To herself she said often that it was like the laying of an evil spirit. She would read to him, converse with him, give him all the news she could. She knew, and he knew, why he was there, what ailed him, what old sorrow was crying aloud, what vain wild passion, what vain deep regret, was in his heart; but it was not discussed.

She knew when her wise, sweet, tender words took effect; the shadow would fall from his face, and he would listen in silence. At times he would sit for an hour listening, never speaking, and then, rising with a brightened look that did her heart good, he would clasp her hand warmly in his own.

"Thank you, Eve," he would say to her; "I know best what you have done for me."

Miss Lester was not very well pleased just then with her niece. Eve had received two good offers of marriage, and had refused them both, and, though Miss Lester disliked men, she had always a keen eye to the main chance, and said if Eve refused one she ought to have taken the other.

So she confided her grievances to Felix.

"I wish," she said, "that you would talk to her; you have known her so long—you are an old friend. Talk to her, Felix; tell her how foolish it is to refuse every good offer."

"But I thought you disapproved of marriage, Miss Lester, and disliked men."

"So I do—so I do; but I shall not live for ever, and Eve must have some one to take care of her. Squire Hethway would have made her a good husband. Talk to her, Felix."

"I really do not like to speak to Eve on such a matter," said Felix; "she might not like it. She must have had her own reasons for saying 'No.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The happiness and unhappiness of men depend no less upon their humors than their fortunes.

THE ABIDING ONE.

Some hearts are like a quiet village street,
Few and well-known the passers to and fro;
Some like a busy city's market place,
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,
Though brief that life and nearing now its close,
At first the forms of phantasies and dreams,
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going—ah! there lay the pang,
That when my heart has blossomed and unlocked
Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step,
Lo! it was gone, and only echoes mocked

My listening ear. But, oh! there came one step,
So soft and slow, which said, "I pass not by,
But stay with thee forever, if thou will,
Amid this constant instability."

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved—
Love past my craving—love that died for me.
He took my hand, and in its gentle strength
I learnt the joy of leaning utterly.

He taught my heart to trust Him fearlessly
(Trust oft betrayed, but now misplaced no more);
My Rock! my Rock! my wave-besieged Rock!
Safe in thy clefts I rest forevermore.

All, all things change, and noblest human hearts
Can ne'er be rocks; they are but potter's clay.
The Lord our God, He only is a Rock!
Who trusts in Him may trust in him for aye!

Still do the countless footsteps come and go;
Still with a sigh the echoes die away;
But One abides, and fills the solitude
With music and with beauty, night and day.

SURPRISES.

BY M. E. B.

MR. Nicholas Nott was a very good of a man, but like everybody, he had an imperfection of character. He was too fond of giving surprises. Sometimes he gave pleasure by these unexpected disclosures, but oftener he created great dissatisfaction on the part of the receiving party.

Mrs. Nott was a model housekeeper, had a place for everything, kept everything in its place, and disliked nothing so much as doing, or having work done out of season. It made no difference to her how many persons were expected to dinner, provided she knew beforehand the exact number, in order that due preparation could be made. But it was a common habit with Mr. Nott to rush into the dining-room suddenly, about the time table was being laid, and hurriedly announce to his wife or the cook, that several gentlemen—distinguished strangers perhaps—would make their appearance in half an hour.

He promised, however, to reform in this particular, but his desire to astonish somebody gained the better of his prudence. He had heard his wife and daughter Caroline express a desire for some new black silk dresses. Now, as he intended visiting a neighboring city in a few days, what better opportunity could be offered to gratify them. He had unintentionally annoyed Mrs. Nott in regard to unexpected visitors, and this would be a fine chance to show his repentance and good intentions.

Accordingly, after he had despatched the business which called him from home, our gentleman entered a large dry goods store, and purchased some. He knew nothing about the value of the article selected, except that it was black silk; but his eyes assured him, beyond a doubt, that the bill was much larger than he had anticipated.

"She'll praise me this time, I know," he said to himself, on the way home. "She won't expect to see a package of nice black silk without the asking, I'll be bound; and Caroline's eyes will sparkle like diamonds!"

When he got home that evening, he did think of taking tea before exhibiting his purchase; but he was so anxious to see Mrs. Nott delighted, that he speedily produced it, and with some triumph of manner, placed it in her hands.

"Black silk!" exclaimed the lady, in a disappointed voice, as her eyes fell upon the goods. "What *did* possess you to buy this without consulting me?"

"Why, to give you a sur—"

"Don't, Mr. Nott; I detest the word! But haven't you made a nice piece of work, now?" added his companion, emphatically.

"What about pray?"

"In the first place, the silk is poor, and not worth making up; in the second place, it hasn't any gloss, and looks very rusty—probably been in the store four or five years, and you've bought a great deal more than was needed."

"Anything more, Mrs. Nott?" asked the luckless husband, beginning to think the subject assumed a serious aspect.

"Yes, and the greatest objection of all. I purchased silk for two dresses last week, and my dressmaker is at work upon them this minute. Now, if you had merely intimated your purpose, I could have saved all this trouble and extra expense. Pray, what did you give a yard?" asked Mrs. Nott, abruptly.

The lady's information had so disconcerted our hero, that it was some time before he could collect his ideas sufficiently to answer her question.

"Two dollars! And it isn't worth one! How you have been swindled!"

Mr. Nott had no reply to make. He heard his wife's ejaculations, it is true, but his thoughts were running upon the fifty-six dollars he had paid away so cheerfully, and the very little satisfaction he had received for the same.

From that time he carefully avoided buying any article of female dress, designed for a surprise, until quite sure that it would be acceptable. Several months passed away, and Mrs. Nott was sure that she should never be flurried and annoyed again by unexpected disclosures. Her husband had certainly seen the folly of them, and she could rest quietly, without any uneasy expectations.

"Why not have the painting done this week?" suggested Mrs. Nott, one morning.

"I can't spend time to attend to it. The rooms look badly, I know, but we must put it off till I am less busy," replied the husband.

Mrs. Nott said no more, though it would have suited her convenience to have had the work done then; but she acquiesced in his decision, and governed herself accordingly. The next morning she invited several ladies to spend the afternoon and evening with her. The parlors were nicely arranged, the last duty had been attended to, and Mrs. Nott donned her new black silk to receive her guests.

Meantime, Mr. Nott had reconsidered his opinion in regard to the painting. He had remarked his wife's look of disappointment when he had pleaded urgent business, and he was sorry that he had not inconvenienced himself somewhat in order to gratify her. Desiring to make amends, he posted off to the paint shop, and engaged workmen to commence the job the afternoon following. After enjoining them not to fail him, he went home to dinner. Once or twice he came near telling his secret, but checked himself just in time.

Mrs. Nott thought he appeared uncommonly good humored, but did not question him as to the cause, imagining that he had made a good business speculation.

As we have said, she finished her toilet, and throwing herself into an easy chair, was soon absorbed in the contents of a new magazine. Very soon the door opened, and Mr. Nott made his appearance, looking more complacent than ever!

"They're coming, my dear; I've concluded to please you before pleasing myself," he said, moving a lounge, preparatory to taking the tacks from the carpet.

"Who is coming?" asked the lady, in no little wonder.

"The painters, Mrs. Nott. We've only just time to get ready for them. Just speak to Margaret, and we'll have the carpet up in a twinkling," he added, bustling about.

"Have the carpets up!—painters! Why, Mr. Nott, what are you talking about? You surely told me yesterday morning that the work couldn't be done this week."

"I know it, but I changed my mind, just to gratify you. It can't make any difference, of course."

Mrs. Nott dropped her book in despair. It was really too bad to serve her in such a way. He had no more judgment than a child. Painting, with her, was considered no slight affair, and it generally took her about two days to remove the carpets and furniture to a safe place, take down curtains, etc., etc. And now, to have him walk in so coolly and say that "the painters were coming," without the first previous hint to that effect, was too much to be patiently borne. Her visitors, too; where should she put them, in the confusion? She had chambers, and a tolerable sitting room, it was true, but those were small and did not exactly come up to her notions of propriety.

Mr. Nott's face lengthened perceptibly as these objections were detailed, with parenthetical reproaches and exclamations interspersed. How should he know that she had invited ladies to tea, or that she intended to have the old paint wiped over before fresh was put on?

In the midst of the debate, the workmen arrived, and Mrs. Nott unhesitatingly affirmed that "they must come again some other time."

"You'll have to wait two or three weeks then, ma'am," said one of the men, respectfully, "for to-morrow we begin some long jobs."

This did not mend the matter much, and Mrs. Nott reluctantly called a domestic, and with the help of the men the carpets were bundled out into the yard, leaving her nice plush chairs and sofas covered with dust. The curtains were next taken in hand, but in the hurry two got badly torn; and Mr. Nott, in his anxiety to be of assistance, broke a handsome mirror.

It is needless to say that Mrs. Nott was made unhappy all the afternoon by these incidents, and we fear for many succeeding days. She thought of the torn curtains, the dirty furniture, the broken glass, and discarded the idea that Mr. Nott would ever leave off "surprising her."

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SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 11, 1879.

THE RECORD OF TIME.

IN the dawn of the New Year we look for the brightening skies of prosperity, and to all the civilized world it brings the hope of something better, in which are buried for the time, the sorrows and disappointments of the old year. With many, the new year means but the continuation of their struggles in the past against the adversities of fate and fortune, and in the record of Time they find only the saddest memorials which the "great destroyer" has left in his path. To others, the rich harvest of the old year makes the new year a fresh field of golden opportunity; but to the world, the New Year proves Time to be the greatest of innovators, and he makes each year a monument which commemorates the path to success and greatness. In the wonderful changes which Time has wrought in everything, we almost forget the primitive character that once marked the different things which take part in the workings of daily life; but we can scarcely take up anything without seeing in it the evidence of the transformation marked by Time through the agency of man.

When the first impression was successfully taken from the roughly composed page that gave birth to the art of printing, the great inventor Guttenberg little thought that his labors would bring into active operation one of the grandest, most useful and powerful engines the genius of man ever created, the printing press, by which the field of journalism and printing has been so enlarged. From the printer's primitive block, has grown the rough wood-cut, the copper-plate, followed by the steel engraving, the lithographic, photo-lithographic, and photo-engraving processes, by which in a few hours, may be produced to any scale, the most elaborately lined drawing. By the aid of the camera, we reduce the proportions of the elephant to those of the mouse without distorting a line, and enlarge by microscopic power invisible animalculæ to the scale of a mammoth, without disturbing the apparent relations of the most minute parts. Equally astonishing is the increase of facilities for communicating with distant places

Numbers of people are living whose journeys in early life were made in the slow monotonous coach or sailing sloop, when it took days and weeks to complete a journey they now make in a few hours, which serves to illustrate the growth of things in one lifetime. But while the railroad and steamboat were succeeding, people were also dreaming of a realization of the old Jesuit prophecy uttered in the fifteenth century, that Time would communicate thoughts of the people to great distance by means of cords or wires stretched from place to place. A wire was laid, and needles whose movements were arranged to indicate the letters of the alphabet, were operated by the electrical pulsations, so that men communicate their thoughts and expressed their desires to others hundreds of miles away; this was followed by inventions, by which many messages go over one wire at the same time.

The bottom of the ocean has not only been made a bed for mighty wires, but the wire net work stretches over the world, and we talk with as much ease through miles of wire as we do in our homes to each other. If distance has been so conquered by Time, so the next epoch of history may enable us by some curious invention to see a hundred miles away, just as sounds are now fixed for all time in enduring metal. Sounds are heard and sleep, to awaken again in a succession of utterances, whose sameness proves that the chords or words held chained in the metallic prison, have become immortal in their alliance with the imperishable. Darkness first kindled the pine torch, which was followed by the rude grease lamp and the candle. Gas was then enveloped in the mysteries of the future, but has now become one of the old lights of the past, while that mysterious essence of force and action,—electricity, has become so pliant to man's will that it opens a path of wonders and light to the age. We can tell whence and how the storm king will come, and by electricity send the news far in advance of the tempest, and bid defiance to its rage. Astronomy has revealed new spheres in the movements of space around us, and tells us of other worlds than our own, and the spectroscope even tells us what these distant worlds are made of, and speculative science penetrates far beyond the barriers which ordinary calculations reach. Chemistry reaches the elemental base of matter and solidifies gases, while physiology anatomizes infusoria from the depths of the ocean; and the day is not far distant when the geographer will make us as familiar with the earth's surface as we are with our own surroundings. Over the wide world of civilization, the active warfare against the unknown is being continually made, and the barriers of ignorance are swiftly melting away before the wonderful conquests wrought by Time through man.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE New York Society of Decorative Art lays down as rules that door curtains should not repeat the tint of the curtains, but may be either more or less vivid; that they should not be looped back; and that there should be very little trimming besides the deep band of plush or velvet.

—

It is said of the fashionable woman of the day, that she is hardly disposed to count her children among the goods the gods give. If her first born appeals to those of instincts maternal affection which she possesses in common with the lower animals, her nursery no sooner begins to fill than her children take their place among the plagues of life.

—

WE have heard of toy pistols and other weapons, but the following about "fan daggers," is new to us: "A seizure of two hundred fan daggers has been made on board the Shosy Dagone steamer from the Straits by a Custom House preventive officer. The sheath of this description of weapon resembles an ordinary Chinese fan when it is closed; hence its name. It is a very dangerous weapon, and every attempt to import it should be severely punished."

—

A Boston gentleman has wagered $100 that his son, who has never yet ridden a bicycle, cannot cover a hundred miles (with any amount of practice) in as quick time as he can drive a fine road horse now in his possession. The wager has been accepted by a prominent bicyclist, who will at once commence teaching the tyro, and he is confident of success for his pupil. Boys 16 years old in England have ridden 100 miles from sun to sun, and the feat is not an unusual one there. The owner has driven his horse 100 miles in 24 hours, and is sure of winning his wager.

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PROFOUND thought, intense grief and other similar mental manifestations have a depressing effect on respiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and the circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished, unless indeed there be feverishness present. An occasional long breath or a deep drawn sigh is the natural relief in such a case, Nature making an effort to provide a remedy. This hint should be acted on and followed up. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air even during inclement weather is an excellent antidote of a physical kind for a "rooted sorrow.

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THE fact that so many fish are dying off the coast of Florida, calls to mind the awful prediction of Professor Knapp. From the juxtaposition of certain planets to our earth, he predicts that one-half of the population of the world, including man and all kinds of animals, and even vegetable life, will perish before or during the year 1880. In a lecture delivered several years ago, he said that this desolation would commence by the fishes of the sea dying, and pestilence and famine occurring in more southern latitudes. The famine in China and the yellow fever scourge in the South, and now the fearful pestilence among the fishes in Southern waters, are so many steps in fulfilment of these prophesies.

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BREATHING is the first and last act of man and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full, broad, deep chests, naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more predisposed to lung disease. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins show that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.

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THE woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because of this we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no *modiste* can supply. A well-known author once wrote a very pretty essay on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely chiselled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognisable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

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THE number of publishers' and of booksellers' shops in the country affords a very fair standard by which to gauge the extent to which different classes of society or of the population generally participate in the intellectual life of the whole; and in Russia it is evident that the number of the reading and thinking public must be extremely small. In other countries the works of popular authors are continually being published in numberless editions at various prices, some suitable for the library of the rich man, others for the family table of the poorer citizens. The highly educated man and the artisan alike read such works. In Russia, however, there is nothing of the kind to be seen. There is literally no demand for books. In Moscow, a town of 800,000 inhabitants, there are but four or five Russian book-shops worthy of the name, while, on the other hand, there are four German booksellers.

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GREAT orators generally suffer from nervous anxiety in beginning their best speeches. Speakers who are always cool and self-possessed never attain such eminent success as those who possess more sensitive organizations. Robert Hall never went into the pulpit without a fear of failure. The father of the present Lord Derby, of England, was one of the best debaters in Parliament. He was complimented as "the Rupert of debate," and was noted for apparent composure. Yet he said to a friend, "My throat and lips, when I am going to speak, are as dry as those of a man who is going to be hanged." Another famous for his readiness and fluency on all occasions, said he never spoke without feeling his knees smite together when he rose. Canning, one of the most brilliant speakers in the whole history of the House of Commons, said he always knew when he was better than usual, by the quickness of his pulse and the trembling of his limbs. It is one of the compensations of nature that on those who suffer most in advance is bestowed the highest triumphs.

—

THE famous Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of England, was on one occasion complimented on his extraordinary memory. He said in reply: "He had no merit in having a good memory, for memory was only a result of attention." By this he meant close observation of what is seen, heard, or read. The answer was only part of the truth. To have a good memory, there must in the first place be a natural or acquired capacity for observing and treasuring up observations. "In whatever we do," says Professor Roberts, of the Missouri State Normal School, "let us teach our pupils to think!" One boy, for example, will notice all that takes place. He observes the look of the people, their mode of speaking, their style of dress, the houses they live in, the anecdotes and stories they relate. Another boy, going through the same routine, takes no heed of anything to be afterward useful. He is thinking only of trivial amusements, what he is to have for dinner, his new suit of clothes, or something equally paltry and evanescent. His education is little better than thrown away, and he but dimly remembers anything that fell under his attention in youth. Good memory is greatly owing to a strict attention to what is heard or read, or is passed before the eyes. The brain may be defined as a kind of photographic apparatus, which retains the impressions made on it through the eyes or ears. But then the apparatus must be of the right sort, to begin with, and at all events it must be kept in good order by exercise. The great thing is to begin young.

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Dr. John Curwen, Superintendent and Physician of the State Lunatic Hospital of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, directs attention to some of the leading causes of mental disease at the present day. He says that the age is one of such intense activity that men and women too often find themselves unable to bear the strain, and instead of yielding to the demands of the system for relaxation, persuade themselves that their symptoms of listlessness are due to any and every other cause than over work, and therefore increase their efforts to accomplish their accustomed tasks, not a few seeking relief from stimulants. Thus their weakness and nervous debility are increased until finally the mind gives way. Every one knows that a steam engine, calculated to do a certain amount of work in a day, will wear out very rapidly if forced to do double that work; and as the human body is composed of a variety of the most delicately constructed organs, each designed to perform a certain amount and character of work, with certain limits, and in a specified time, so every effort to compel those organs to do more work in a given time than they were designed by that construction to do, will speedily derange their action and give rise to disease. If men will persist in taxing the stomach to do an amount or character of work which it was not designed to do, the same result will be seen in the rejection of the food, or such a disordered action as to give rise to absolute pain and suffering. In the same way, if they will urge on the brain and nervous system to an amount of labor beyond the ability carefully and properly to perform, they will bear the burden for a time, but after a certain period will manifest their inability to bear such increased labor by great irregularity of action, or positive refusal to act. It is an acknowledged physiological fact, that every effort of the body and mind involves the loss of a definite amount of nervous power, and waste of tissue of the part engaged in action, and when this has gone to the extent of producing an unusual degree of languor or fatigue, the proper tone cannot be regained by a continuance of that which caused the languid condition, but can only be had by such a rest of the system as will relieve that languor and replenish that waste. This can only be had by absolute rest for a time.

An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepings; you catch sight of it just as it flies away from you and gets buried again.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow has begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Has been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swansdown—
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

"JEROME says if papa had lived he would have made the best lord Pomeroy has known," observed Mary after a pause.

"I have heard papa say that too," answered Rupert. "He was very fond of Uncle Guy. Mary, look: there's Bridget beckoning to us."

Not the slightest notice did Mary take of the hint. She moved onwards a step or two and began to read, aloud as before, the inscription to the memory of the old lord, her grandfather.

The shades of evening seemed to be gathering quickly over the chapel, never light in the brightest of days. The sun could not penetrate through its dark stained windows, some of which represented scenes of the crucifixion. Bridget, standing in the doorway, did her best to recall the children.

If there was one element more prevalent within the mind of Bridget Rex than another, it was superstition: and since an unpleasant story had reached her ears about a year ago, she had not liked the chapel. It seemed to her now to grow more gloomy with every moment.

"But we must go," observed Rupert at length, his quick young eyes detecting the signs of discomfort on the woman's face. "I shall go, Mary; Bridget looks as if she was about to cry."

"She is only afraid of the ghost," replied Mary with equanimity.

"What ghost?"

"One they talk of. Bridget saw it once, and if she saw it again she would die: I heard her say so to Mary Lamp."

"But where is the ghost?" persisted Rupert. "Is it in the chapel here?"

"It is in many places, I think. It is not the nun's that used to haunt the west tower, but another. It must have been a man once, for Bridget calls him 'he;' but she won't tell me about it."

"There she is again—calling to us in a whisper and beckoning I shall go back, Mary."

Probably because there was nothing more she cared to see or read in the chapel, Mary took the initiative and walked back to Bridget. Glad to get them at any price, Bridget did not scold; but whisked them both as quickly as she could beyond the inner door. And there they met two workmen coming in.

"Just like you!" ejaculated Bridget to the men. "Going off in the midst of your work! Why can't you stay here and attend to it?"

Mary announced her intention of going up to see Naomi Rex, and turned off towards the forest. Bridget told her it would be too far, at this late hour; to which remonstrance the little lady turned a deaf ear.

Past the Keep, past the field beyond it, down into the hollow where stood sundry haystacks, went the children, Bridget following closely upon them. Bridget did not like that hollow any more than she liked the chapel; and she seized Rupert's hand for company, and held it until they were well up towards the hill that would take them past Mrs. Wylde's.

Nothing has been said hitherto of a very unpleasant matter that had for a long time past been disturbing the equanimity of Pomeroy. But the reader must now hear of it, unwilling though he may be to give ear to a tale of superstition. The Pomeroy household believed that their ill-fated master, Guy, did not rest in his grave.

Half a dozen times, perhaps, in all, and at different periods since his death, had Guy, Lord of Pomeroy, appeared to the living. Such, at least, was their own undoubted belief. Singular perhaps to say, the first person to see this apparition was Bridget—unfortunately for her own peace of mind. It was on the night of his funeral: a very few hours after he had been laid in his grave beneath the chapel. She was passing along this same lonely field road that she and the children were traversing now, and in the hollow by the haystacks, she saw, or fancied she saw, the dead man. Frightened out of all self-control, Bridget alarmed the neighborhood with her shrieks, and when she got home declared the cause of her terror—the dead lord had appeared to her.

The commotion this caused amidst the numerous retainers of the abbey, out-door and in-door, the discomfort that took possession of them, the impetus it gave to the superstitious dread innate in every heart, could not be adequately described. Within a day or two another servant had seen the same appearance, and at very nearly the same spot; and then the under-keeper, Bardel, a cowardly man in regard to superstitious fancies, was nearly thrown into fits by the same sight. Once or twice since, much later, the apparition had again been seen; the last time being in the chapel, some two years ago.

A respectable man named Cox, who had been head of the servants and custodian of the keys since Jerome resigned, was taking a message to Father Andrew from Miss Pomeroy, then staying at the abbey. It was the seventeenth of October, the fourth anniversary of Guy's death. This man it should be said, was less superstitious than some of his fellows; in fact was rather brave than the contrary, and thought nothing of passing along uncanny places at night. Cox reached the priest's and found he was not at home; old Margot, his servant, thought he might be in the chapel, adding another mass to the many masses that had been said that day, and she bade Cox take the key, if he liked, and let himself in at the front door. Father Andrew generally entered by his own little door in the vestry, and had his own key to it. Thinking nothing, Cox took the key and walked round to the front entrance; it was a bright night, the stars well out; and he opened the door and entered.

The chapel was in darkness; no sign was there of Father Andrew; no mass was being said. All in a moment, as Cox stood just inside, hesitating whether to call out an inquiry, to make his stumbling way up to the sacristy, where the priest possibly may be, or to retreat altogether, a faint light dawned in the middle of the chapel—a kind of halo Cox described it afterwards—and there, in its midst, he saw the face of the dead Lord of Pomeroy, Guy, who was standing on his own grave. How Cox, brave though he was constitutionally, got out of the chapel and back to the abbey, he did not say. After all Father Andrew was at the other end of village—at the White House, visiting a sick servant of Mrs. Wylde's.

These superstitions were shaking the household of Pomeroy; and if a word was now and again allowed to drop in the hearing of quick Miss Mary, perhaps it was somewhat excusable. To Mrs. Pomeroy nothing had been said, and the spirit of her dead husband did not, so far as was known, trouble her; to Leolin no one dared to speak. He would have punished any such nonsense severely; but Joan knew of it, and was as implicit a believer as Bridget herself.

Fleet steps make light the way, and soon the children reached the pine forest and the cottage of Naomi Rex lying on its outskirts. Naomi, looking little older than when we last saw her, was at her tea in the twilight. The children seated themselves at the table, and were soon regaling themselves upon brown bread and butter. Our own bread and butter is never half as good as other people's.

"You've come up late, my dears," she said.

"A great deal too late, aunt," interposed Bridget. "It was Miss Mary's fault—staying so long in that gloomy chapel."

"I like the chapel; I like reading about papa in Latin," said Mary. "Bridget's only afraid of seeing the ghost."

Naomi looked quickly at the child, and then at Bridget. "Cut them some more bread-and-butter," she said to her niece: "you'd like it would'nt you dears?"

"Where's Anne?" questioned Mary, as she took a second slice.

Ann was in the little glade close by, picking up sticks, she was told. And away went the restless child to find Ann, bidding Rupert follow her.

"Who has been talking to the child about the ghost?" abruptly demanded Mrs. Rex, as they disappeared

"Nobody has," confidently asserted Bridget. "She just hears a half-word, and then makes up her own mind. She's the quickest and sharpest child you ever knew, Aunt Naomi."

"All the more reason for your being careful before her. Don't speak of the topic. Never let a child be scared in its early years: but as to the late lord, poor Mr. Guy, that he does not rest in his grave, I can testify: though why he should come again, or what he wants, is more than I can tell. I saw him with my own eyes, Bridget."

Next to encountering a ghost oneself, the most dreary of all experiences is to sit in the twilight and hear a friend assert that she has seen one. Bridget thrilled from head to foot.

"Yes, I saw him," resumed Naomi, her eyes taking a far-off look through the window in the growing dusk, "and I've never betrayed it yet, Bridget, until now. 'Twas a couple of years, or so, after he died, and I was coming home late one evening from vespers. I could manage to get down on a fine day then, though I can't now. Margot at Father Andrew's, had asked me into tea with her, so it made me late. 'Twas a beautiful light night, and I sat myself down on the stump of a tree for a rest. My head was full of that trouble about your sister's illness; fearing she'd never get better—as it proved you know—and I'm sure I was no more thinking of Mr. Guy, or of any of the Pomeroys, than if there hadn't been such people. All at once, as I sat there silent and still, some great tall form sprang up from I know not where, and was close upon me. The moonlight fell on the face; a dead face, Bridget; and I knew it for that of the late lord."

Bridget held her breath.

"Even as I looked, he seemed to vanish. Oh, how fearful it was, that dead face of his. I crawled on here, hardly knowing whether I was dead or alive. Ann wanted to know what had scared me."

"Did you tell her?"

"Tell her! Tell that young girl! I never till now, told anyone. The air was getting cool, and had chilled me, was all I said to her. She got down the bottle of elder wine and warmed a drop: and my teeth chattered as I drank it."

CHAPTER XXI.

A FRAIL BLOSSOM TAKEN.

"MUST you go in to-day, Leolin?"

"My dear, yes, I am very anxious for letters."

"You go in nearly every afternoon, and it is so rare that you are rewarded by finding any letters there. They generally come to you in the morning."

"Some may be there, Anna. I tell you I am anxious."

Lady Anna sighed. She sat in her favorite sitting room, which was opposite her bedchamber, her three weeks' old baby upon her knee. The little girl was born in July, somewhat less than a year from the period of Anna's marriage. Anna had got through her illness very well, and would have been supremely happy could she have seen Leolin so.

Bending down to his wife's gentle face, he kissed it fondly, stroked the hand of the sleeping baby, and quitted the room. Anna carried her child to the window, and looked from it to see him mount his horse, which was waiting. As Leolin rode away, his groom following, he looked up to her, nodded, and raised his hat with a gay smile.

Leolin was going to the county town, Owlstone, his chief pilgrimage in an afternoon. His object was to see whether any letters, brought down by the day-mail, waited for him at the post-office: for Abbeyland only had its morning delivery, as of old.

Leolin's mania had increased with time. His thoughts, his hopes, his energies—all were devoted to the one end and aim he had at heart: that of annulling the marriage of his brother George, so that the child Rupert should be debarred from possessing Pomeroy.

But he was finding more trouble than he expected—or, rather more difficult. Altogether he did not prosper: at least, success had not yet come to him. What perhaps added to the difficulties of the case, was the fact that it was being worked in secret. That he should eventually triumph, Leolin as fully believed as that the sun shone: and, strange to say, he had faith in the justice of his cause. So does self-interest blind us.

On these views he would expound to his wife by the hour together, making Anna thoroughly uncomfortable. The more he talked, the more clear grew her sense of the injury he was contemplating, and its terrible injustice. Anna had left off trying to persuade him to see the matter in the right light and to let George's little son alone: had she continued to argue, unpleasantness between herself and her husband would have resulted. So silent had she been of late, so passive when Leolin enlarged upon his wrongs and hopes, that he thought she was coming over to his cause.

A semblance of civility was kept up between themselves and the Lady of Pomeroy. The two ladies exchanged a formal visit on state occasions. Anna would willingly have been more cordial, more intimate for she greatly liked and respected Sybilla. Mrs. Pomeroy was tolerably social with both parties: as social as it had seemed in her nature to be since Guy's dreadful death. The happiest times were those when Joan was at the abbey; family meetings were then more frequent and less formal.

The problem that had puzzled Leolin, as to what became of the money his brother George must have saved, remained still without solution. Once he had gone so far as to put the question to Sybilla. This occurred on an occasion when he had gone to her at her request about some business connected with the abbey on which she wished to consult him.

"What did George do with his income?" abruptly demanded Leolin, when their conference was over. "It is not possible that he could have spent it. At least, I imagine not, as he lived so quietly."

"I think he did spend it," calmly replied Sybilla. "I believe he did."

"But it is inconceivable," persisted Leolin. "All the revenues of Pomeroy—and no more to leave behind him than that paltry sum! I cannot understand it."

"And I cannot enlighten you," concluded Sybilla. "The sum left to me was all the money George had to leave—so far as I know."

Of course Leolin could only abandon the subject. But it still remained on his mind as a thing unfathomable: somewhat of a mystery. To return, however, to the present.

Lady Anna, standing at the window with her sleeping infant, watched her husband ride down the gentle slope and branch off on the road to Owlstone. A sad look lay in her eyes: she was wishing, oh, how earnestly, that Leolin's better nature would return to him; that he would leave the young lord at peace.

"Aunt Anna, we have come to see the baby!" interrupted Miss Mary Pomeroy; breaking into the room in her off-hand manner, as Anna sat down again. Rupert did not want to come, and I made him. He is afraid of Uncle Leolin, you know; but we saw him ride off towards Owlstone."

"You must not be afraid of Uncle Leolin," said Anna, smiling to assure the lad. "Uncle Leolin will not hurt you."

"He would like to, though," interposed Mary, who was just as bold in speech as Rupert was reticent. "Uncle Leolin hates him because he is Lord of Pomeroy. He would like to beat him."

"Hush, hush, Mary," said Lady Anna. "See, you are awaking baby. You talk too much."

Rupert bent over the child: a fair little thing, resembling its mother, with her candid and expressive blue eyes.

"I shall love her so very much, Lady Anna—if I may."

"Yes, my dear little boy, you certainly may—and I hope you will," replied Anna. "But you should call me Aunt Anna, Rupert; not Lady Anna. That's very formal."

The boy's face flushed crimson. But a week ago, Leolin had encountered him at his entrance door and sharply enquired what he wanted there. His mamma had said he might inquire how Aunt Anna was, the lad answered with the timid deprecation that he always used to Leolin: and Leolin had given him a haughty rebuke—she was the Lady Anna, and not Aunt Anna to him. Poor Rupert shrank away, his heart beating.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Leolin's groom of the chambers. The Lady of Pomeroy was below, he announced, inquiring whether she might then pay a visit to Lady Anna.

Of course Anna assented gladly. An eager glance of welcome sat in her eyes as she rose to greet Sybilla. The Lady of Pomeroy, looking like the regal woman that she was, the train of her rich black silk trailing after her, met the welcoming eyes, and the clasp of the hand with as fond a look, as firm a pressure.

How happy they were that afternoon. Sybilla, Anna, the two children, and the quiet baby. The latter so quiet that Sybilla inwardly doubted whether it could be well. Anna ordered tea and they partook of it together, Rupert kissing the little one when it was taken away by its nurse.

"Thank you for this pleasant visit," Anna whispered, holding the Lady of Pomeroy's hand when they were about to part. "It is so very rare that you and your dear little son come into the north wing."

"It is so rare that I may venture to come," whispered Sybilla.

Anna understood and a painful blush suffused her face. "It will come right in time. I am sure of it," she eagerly rejoined. "It was a great disappointment to him you know."

"I do know it," replied Sybilla. "Yes it will all be right in time."

A fervent clasp of the still locked hands; a fond confiding look into each other's eyes; and the Lady of Pomeroy quitted Anna and withdrew with the two children.

* * * * *

"What glorious news!" almost shouted Leolin.

He sat at the breakfast-table, reading a letter just delivered. It was the morning following his ride to Owlstone, told of above: a ride that had not borne fruit, for the post-office held no letters for Pomeroy. This letter that he was running his eyes over now came from Rome.

"Such news, Anna!" was his triumphant greeting, when he found his wife in her room. "The Papal Court has decided to pronounce the marriage null and void."

Anna, partly dressed, and wrapped in a white dressing gown, was bending over the infant's crib in the night nursery. She turned her face towards him. Its expression of sadness somewhat damped Leolin's high spirits.

"Come and look at baby, Leolin. Nurse does not think she is well. See how quiet she lies, her eyes half open."

"Her teeth, perhaps," suggested Leolin, not in the least knowing whether an infant of three weeks ought to cut teeth or not. "Send for Norris, if you don't think her well. But is not this good news, Anna?"

He went back to his breakfast, and to indulge in all kinds of delightful anticipations of what he would do when he was once more Lord of Pomeroy. The child's indisposition passed entirely out of mind.

But, ere mid-day struck out from the great clock in the quadrangle, the abbey fell into commotion. The infant was in convulsions. Mr. Norris gave but faint hopes of its life. Father Andrew was summoned in haste, and baptised it in the name of Isabel.

A few hours more of life: and, as the dusk of evening was passing into darkness, the young and feeble spirit quitted its earthly tenement and returned to Him who gave it.

Anna's grief was great. Leolin mourned the child in a degree, but not as his wife did; which was only natural. Condolences came in to Lady Anna from the other parts of the abbey: the Lady's were expressed in a feeling and affectionate letter; Mrs. Pomeroy more formally sent her card with a few words written on it.

But, on the day after the death, when Leolin had gone round to the chapel with Father Andrew to see about the place of interment, Rupert stole to the front entrance, Leolin's entrance, rang gently, and asked whether he might see Lady Anna. He had a delicate white flower in his hand, and wore a suit of black velvet.

"I don't think my lady will see you now, sir," said Cox, who had met the boy. "She is in great grief, you know."

"Yes, I know; but if I might see her!" urged Rupert. "Would you mind just asking her, Cox?"

Leaving Rupert where he was, Cox had the message taken to Lady Anna, together with a question from himself—should he send the little lord away? But Anna said he was to be admitted.

The tears stood in her eyes as he went in; and the tears stood in Rupert's. Anna kissed him in silence.

"I wanted to tell you how sorry I am," began Rupert. "But please don't cry too much; she is gone up to Heaven."

"Oh, yes," answered Anna, bursting into tears forthwith. "If it had only pleased God to spare her to us a little while!"

"I have brought this for her," added Rupert, timidly offering the flower. "Would you please to put it in her hand? It is quite white: and mamma says she is in white now, with the angels."

Anna took the flower with reverence. Clasping the gentle child to her, she sobbed upon his neck. What a beautiful nature he had this little Lord of Pomeroy!

CHAPTER XXII.

LATER ON.

THE lichen-covered walls of Pomeroy Abbey stood out, gloomy and grand, under the bright rays of the October moon, now riding in the cloudless sky and nearing its full. A stormy day had given place to a calm evening, its air really genial.

Listlessly pacing about between the Keep and the front of the abbey, enjoying his after-dinner cigar, was Leolin Pomeroy. But, though his gait might be listless, his mind was almost preternaturally busy.

Time has elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter. There has not been much to record: Pomeroy Abbey and those connected with it stand pretty much now as they stood before.

It may be remembered that Leolin was in high glee just then at the favorable news received from Rome. But the news turned out to be false. At any rate, premature. Whether the cardinal, in his zeal for the cause he had taken up, had been over sanguine, or whether his eminence was himself deceived, it matters not to inquire, all Leolin knew—as he soon did know—was that the decree had not passed. The marriage of George Pomeroy still stood good in law.

Only the greater reason, argued Leolin, for his efforts to be redoubled. The cause seemed to him to grow more righteous day by day, his own wrongs more cruelly glaring. During this interlude of time a second girl was born to him, but it had died as the first had. There was now another infant, some few months old; a son, who had been named Hugh after the old lord.

But this was not the matter exercising Leolin's mind to-night. The special perplexity filling his thoughts and darkening his brow was one that many have, more or less, suffered from—lack of money. One cannot carry on a secret suit for nothing. Leolin's income was but a small one, as the reader knows. Very small indeed for a man in his position of life.

This embarrassment was the matter lying on his heart to-night, bringing anger in its train. To think that she, inhabiting that south wing above him, the Lady of Pomeroy, should possess so much, and be so little! The income offered to him by Sybilla he persisted in declining haughtily and ungraciously; nevertheless, he coveted the means that were hers. And what on earth she did with her money, he could not imagine.

No one seemed to know where it went or what was done with it. James Knox, Sybilla's agent, could not tell, neither could Mr. Hildyard: most certainly Leolin could not. Mr. Hildyard—upon whom, by the way, trouble had fallen sharply—had continued to act for Leolin in the private suit against the child, though in a compulsory kind of way. No end would have been gained by his throwing the cause up, but his heart never was in it. It might be said that Leolin spent nearly half his time in dashing up to London and dashing back again; he seemed to be never at rest save when holding consultations with the lawyer or with others. And, during one of these recent visits, from which Leolin had but just returned, he obtained some information.

It came to him incidentally, through a banker with whom Leolin was conversing. The Lady of Pomeroy was putting by large sums yearly; not in her own name, or in that of her son, but in the name of one Thomas Barkley.

It took Leolin not very long to decide that this Thomas Barkley must be the Major Barkley who had been George's great friend in India. His name was Thomas. Major Barkley had retired from the service after George's death; had since spent some of his time in foreign travel: twice he had travelled down to Pomeroy on a visit to Sybilla and her little son. During these visits Leolin had condescended to accept the Lady's occasional invitations to meet him at her table, and he had been certainly impressed in Major Barkley's favor, who appeared to possess good sense and to be a man of rectitude and thorough gentleman. But why should this man be enriched by the Pomeroy revenues? What was the meaning of it? She must be in Barkley's power—deceitful, crafty woman! that seems certain," spoke he to himself, thus politely alluding to the Lady of Pomeroy. "I wonder if her agent Knox, knows anything of this? I've a great mind to ask him. What an out and out shame it is! that I should be at a standstill for want of money, while she is lavishing—ah! good evening to you, father!"

"Is it you or your ghost?" cried Father Andrew, merry as usual, and stouter and redder than of yore. Coming from the direction of the chapel with a fleet step he had overtaken Leolin. "I thought you were in London."

"I got home an hour ago," said Leolin, throwing away the end of his cigar.

"I've been into the chapel: seeing that the black draperies were up and all things in readiness for to-morrow," remarked the priest. And the words brought to Leolin's mind what perhaps he had momentarily forgotten—that the morrow would be a solemn day with the Pomeroys: the anniversary of the dreadful death of Guy.

"A nice night," remarked Leolin.

"At present. But I don't like those clouds over the forest: they mean stormy weather of some kind. I am going on to Lamp's," added the priest; "his mother's worse. How do you find Lady Anna looking?"

"Bravely. She tells me she walked out to-day."

They strolled side by side to the front of the abbey, talking, when the priest continued his way and Leolin stood still to light another cigar. Puffing away at it, he resumed the thoughts which Father Andrew had interrupted.

"I shall speak to Knox. Don't know that it will be of any use: he never shows himself too communicative on his mistress's affairs—by her orders, I suppose. And if—Why, who's this? Knox himself! What does he want, here at this hour?"

James Knox was approaching the abbey gateway with a quick step. He soon disappeared within it. Leolin followed him to the business room, and found him rummaging amidst some papers on his large desk by the light of a solitary candle.

"You work late," was Leolin's greeting.

"I am not at work," Knox answered. "I took home in my pocket, as I thought, a list of accounts that I meant to go over leisurely to-night; but when I got there I could not find it. Not a single pocket was it to be fished out of. One does not like to lose things, Mr. Leolin, and I am come up to look for it."

"Is it anything of consequence?"

"Well, no. But I shall have to make out another. It was a list of the rents and moneys paid in this last year."

"Talking of rents, the revenues of this estate must be improving I fancy," carelessly observed Leolin.

"They are. But it righted itself in your brother George's time. Gaunt did wonders for it."

"Ay: he knew who he was working for," was Leolin's reply, given in anything but a gracious tone. "But now, with all these good revenues coming in—and they are good—what does my brother George's widow do with them?"

"I assure you I do not know. The moneys are paid in by me to the Owlstone Bank, and that's all I have to do with them. The Lady of Pomeroy no doubt transmits them to Mr. Hildyard."

"No, Knox, I can tell you that nothing is transmitted to Mr. Hildyard. Not a single sixpence. Hildyard is as much in the dark as I am. Somebody else must act for her in regard to money matters: Hildyard does not."

Mr. Knox shook his head. This was no concern of his: he did not wish to make it his, or to speak of it. He began searching for his lost list again.

"Has that Barkley anything to do with the business matters here?" resumed Leolin.

"Barkley? What Barkley?"

"Major Barkley—formerly my brother George's friend. You must remember him, Knox."

"Oh yes, I remember now—Major Barkley. He has stayed at the abbey once or twice. Certainly he has not anything to do with our business here. Why should he have—and how could he have? He is abroad."

Leolin did not choose to say what he had heard. Knox, giving up his list for a bad job, prepared to lock up the desk.

"He was left executor, you know, to George's will," added Leolin, as if seeking to account for his questions.

"But his business in connection with that was over and done with long ago," was the agent's answer: and he took his departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAWN.

BY E. S. L.

There is a dying in my days,
As when the moon grows faint at morn,
And stars die when the day is born:
So wanes the world o'er all my ways.

Its hours of brightness are not bright:
Its golden lamps, a-bloom with flame,
Its altars to the unknown name,
Burn with a false and fitful light.

Though Pleasure sits a syren there,
And lifts the voice that lulled me long
To airy altitudes of song,
It dies upon the heedless air.

Lo—from the heavens, one by one,
The stars are sinking; and my life—
Mute witness of the unequal strife—
Thrills with the promise of the Sun.

His Last Investment.

BY HERBERT HERBERT.

PETER Smailes was a very superior young man, and a great financier. Everybody said so, and what everybody says must be true. Yet many people did not like him.

His first financial operation was not upon a large scale, but—it was successful. It was in his earliest youth. Its character was humble, but—it cleared him cent. per cent. It was a judicious investment of a half-penny, in marbles. Not in solid blocks, but in those small spheres of stone which serve to develop the gambling propensity in youth. He bought them from a youthful friend, temporarily impecunious, at the rate of twenty-four to the half-penny, and sold them before evening twelve per ha'-penny, thus doubling his money.

Throughout the marble season Peter carried on a successful business. At the end of it he was a capitalist. Moreover, he had acquired commercial experience.

At the age of eleven, Peter left his first seminary for a larger one. In process of time he became head-boy, for the emoluments of school life were too good to be lightly abandoned. We need not trace his immediate subsequent career. From a financial standpoint it was a grand success.

At two-and-twenty he was worth one thousand pounds, amassed, not inherited; his father having died insolvent the very year Peter left school.

At two and twenty, Peter came to London. He needed a large sphere of action. Being not unduly ambitious, he sought it in a stockbroker's office. He entered upon a salary of twenty shillings per week, and with a fixed resolve to retire from it, and from all connection with business, when his accumulations reached fifteen thousand pounds.

In three years, through his financial genius, he was a partner in the firm.

Henderson and Smailes were great men for transactions in risky foreign government stocks. After one of these transactions the junior partner made a rough calculation, and found himself worth fifteen thousand pounds.

Peter sought an interview with the head of the firm next day, and startled him even more than on the first occasion, when a similar topic was discussed.

"What, a young fellow like you, barely thirty, retire! Smailes, you are mad."

"There is method in my madness," was the reply.

"Well, well; if you are determined, there is an end to the matter. We can wind up comfortably in about three months. That will suit you, I suppose."

Peter bowed again. Then he sat down and wrote two private letters.

"Here's a lark!" cried the clerk who stamped and posted them. "Old Butter Smailes has been writing to a private inquiry office, and to a dentist."

Peter's theology was marvellously sound for a financier; unassailable, in fact, save upon a single point. He had been heard to say, and to maintain afterwards with much warmth, that in the scheme of creation, Providence made one grand mistake, it was the endowing human beings with teeth. "From the cradle to the grave, sir, they are a bore, not a boon. They come to torment us before our time," said Peter. He spoke very feelingly.

Previous to his first financial operation, even, his teeth had a knack of getting loose in school. His second were large, irregular and discolored. They began to decay very rapidly, and as he could not bring himself to part with a dentist's fees, they were never stopped, and seldom extracted.

At the time he wrote to the dentist he had five entire teeth in his head, and any number of stumps. Three months later his display of ivory excited the envy of all on whom he smiled.

In the second week of the third month Peter received a brief letter.

"Sir,—in accordance with your request, I have extracted from the newspapers of the past twelve months the bequests to women. I have verified them by examination of the probates, and have collected all necessary information about such cases as I deem worthy your personal attention. Enclosed is a list alphabetically arranged."

Peter unfolded a sheet about a yard in length. "The fellow seems to have done his work pretty thoroughly," he said. "What a list! I think I will accord my personal attention to the cases as he has arranged them."

"Adnams, Ada Mary, daughter of Dr. Marmaduke Adnams, Hill House, Trentring, Gloucestershire, with whom she resides. Brunette, clear, rich complexion, undeniably handsome; aged twenty. Fortune invested in India five per cents., by the testator, Major Adnams, her uncle—£16,000.

Peter refolded the sheet, placed it carefully in its cover, and thrust the latter into his writing-desk. A curious smile played about his lips.

"If you are half so attractive as your description, Miss Adnams, I shall not continue my list for some months to come. I trust never."

* * * * * *

"Sit down, Frank; sit down; glad to see you. I leave for town this afternoon. Kind of you to look in the last thing. We have seen very little of each other lately."

"Very little, since Major Adnam died."

"True, true. Sad affair. We have seen nobody, positively nobody, except Ada, our new neighbor, Mr. Smailes."

"The man with the teeth?"

"Our neighbor, Mr. Smailes, sir," repeated the doctor, with marked displeasure. "A gentleman whom I regard as a decided acquisition to the neighborhood generally, and to myself in particular."

"Some stockbroking fellow, is he not?"

Dr. Adnams swelled with indignation, but did not deign a reply.

"He is reputed to be very rich," said Miss Ada. "Do you know him?"

"Intimately. I have seen him smile."

"A man of sound judgment, and great taste," exclaimed the doctor, angrily. "The improvements he is projecting at the Hermitage will make a perfect paradise of it."

"Provided he instal an Eve, and complete the analogy by calling the place Eden," laughed Ada.

Frank fidgeted upon the chair, and changed the subject. "How is Mrs. Adnams?"

"She is suffering from a bad neuralgic headache, and keeps her room to-day. I am so sorry she is not here to say good-bye."

Frank's expressions of regret were cut short by the apparition of a boy in buttons, who presented a card to his master.

"Did you show Mr. Smailes into the library, Thomas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say I will be with him immediately."

"Pray do not let me detain you," urged Frank, with alacrity.

"Ahem!" ejaculated the doctor, showing signs of uneasiness. "Perhaps I had better say farewell?" and he left the room.

"I feel positively grateful to Mr. Smailes, Ada."

"Your gratitude seems somewhat of a carping nature," rejoined his companion, maliciously.

He pushed his chair away angrily, and began to pace the room in silence. A very proud man was Frank Beaverre, and hasty withal. There was a brief struggle between will and anger, but the former was victor. He held out his hand.

"Let us part friends, Ada; God knows when we may meet again. The dear old times were too sweet to last. We will forget them if you wish it."

"*You* may forget—" she began, when the door opened, admitting Mrs. Adnams.

"My *dear* Frank," she cried, with effusion: "I should never have forgiven the doctor if he had suffered you to leave without bidding me good-bye."

Frank made his acknowledgments with the best grace he could muster, and departed.

The interview in the doctor's library was a satisfactory one. Mr. Smailes, with his sweetest smile and most polite manner, expressed apologetic despair at being driven to trouble his good friend with a statement of difficulties; his good friend was only too delighted to be so troubled. Mr. Smailes produced a bundle of tradesmen's estimates; the doctor put on his spectacles and examined them. Finally, the two gentlemen adjourned to "The Hermitage," to plan divers alterations upon the very scene of action. When they parted, it was with the understanding they should meet again at the doctor's dinner table at seven o'clock.

The astute medico's self-importance had

undergone so pleasant a process of titillation, during the hour spent with his neighbor, that he felt on the best terms possible with all the world, save unlucky Frank Beuverre, who had ventured to speak disrespectfully of the new comer.

"A most intelligent man," reported the doctor to his wife and daughter. "Ignorant, of course, as he modestly admits, with respect to the *minutiæ* of a country establishment. As a young bachelor, accustomed to town life, he could scarcely be otherwise."

In a week, Peter had the run of the house, dropping in "without ceremony, like one of ourselves, you know."

In a fortnight, Miss Adnams had discovered he possessed "really a nice tenor voice," and offered to teach him two or three songs.

In three weeks, Peter had returned the compliment by volunteering to give her elementary Latin lessons; a proposal to which she graciously acceded.

In five weeks, an engagement was reported imminent by all the scandel mongers of the place. Two of them conceived it their duty to impart the pleasing tidings to Frank Beuverre.

Frank nearly poisoned one man, and brought another hospital patient to death's door by giving her the wrong medicine.

Also, he wrote so violent a letter to his cousin that the impetuous and somewhat spoiled young lady tore it into a hundred shreds before she had read one-half. She was playing at manual labor in the garden at the time it was brought, and the shreds flew hither and thither. Just as she repented, to the extent of trying to collect them, Mr. Peter Smailes was announced. She turned to greet him with so glorious a blush that Peter made a grand and astonishing discovery. He discovered that he, the financier, the man of stocks, shares, scrip, money, figures, was positively more in love with the girl herself than with her sixteen thousand pounds.

She was so beautiful, so coquettishly exacting, so wilful, and yet so altogether charming and lovable, Peter surrendered at discretion

His eagerness to accomplish the task he had set himself, the winning of this fair damsel, because painful in its intensity, but he dared not precipitate matters. One or two slight rebuffs taught him to be careful. Care and anxiety made him ill. His indisposition took a bilious form, and this at a critical period, the day of a well arranged pic nic, given by Mrs. Adnams.

Peter had looked forward to this pic nic, resolving it should decide his fate. When the morning came he was yellow as a guinea, his head throbbed, his tongue was furred, and his pulse feverish. He ate no breakfast, and decided to step across to Hill House and excuse himself.

A stranger arrived simultaneously with himself. He recognized the stranger as Mr. Beuverre, a young man whose he had once or twice heard coupled objectionably with that of Miss Adnams.

"I will wait," thought Peter, "and will learn his errand ere I announce mine."

There was a marked contrast between the reception of the two gentlemen. That accorded to Peter was rapturous; to Frank frigid.

The frigidity wore off when Mr. Beuverre explained his errand. "My visit is one of final leave-taking," said he. "I have accepted a medical appointment under the Indian Government, and my vessel sails next week."

"So soon!" said Mrs. Adnams, in a delighted voice, "I am so sorry."

Peter glanced at Miss Ada, and thought she had paled slightly, until a sarcastic little speech reassured him.

"Your news will positively spoil our day's pleasure," said she. "We have organized a picnic to Bursall Broads."

"Don't [illegible] you will be too much engaged to join us?" suggested Mrs. Adnams.

"Thanks, I shall be pleased to do so," growled Frank, savagely.

"Confound the fellow," thought Peter, "I must go, if only to keep an eye upon him."

The arrangement was that the guests should assemble at Bursall Broads, a large sheet of water about four miles distant, fed by a brook celebrated for its trout. The pleasure seekers were to drive to a certain spot, where there was an inn, walk a few hundred yards, pull across the Broads in boats, and pic-nic on the opposite shore.

Peter had the felicity of a *tete a tete* drive with Miss Adnams. Uncivil Frank followed with her mother. Peter's companion was in high spirits, and talked incessantly, a fortunate circumstance, for his head throbbed more painfully than ever, and a feeling of sickness grew upon him

The Broads were reached and crossed Peter insisted, after landing the cargo upon pulling his boat a few yards up the brook to anchor it. In truth, this was an excuse to be alone. The drive in the hot sun had increased his biliousness to the stage at which one is painfully reminded of a sea voyage.

He rounded the corner, leaned over the side of the boat, and commenced a study of the bottom of the brook through the clear water.

When he arose his *teeth* had disappeared.

Pale and horror-stricken, he gazed wildly around. His cheeks had fallen in; he looked ten years older. He had but one thought—escape. Impossible! Already the men were calling his name. He saw the white dresses of the ladies through the shrubs. They were in search of him. He buried his face in his hands.

"Mr. Smailes, are you ill?"

A soft, compassionate voice that thrilled him. He looked up. It was Ada, leaning on Mr. Beuverre's arm. Half a dozen more curious faces were peering at him. Horrors! the curiosity changed to painfully suppressed mirth as he mumbled an apology.

Quick-witted Ada alone retained presence of mind. "May I beg you to row to the opposite bank?" she said; "I want a wrapper I left there."

* * * * * *

"How can I leave dear old England? Need *you* ask the question, Ada? Does my life hold one source of happiness, I need grieve to put behind me?"

"It seemed to do so once."

"Before wealth severed friendship; yes."

"Be just to me, Frank." The pleading voice was very sweet and tremulous. "Your words are an applied reproach, and I do not deserve it."

"I do not reproach you dear; it was natural you should change."

"Frank, the change was in you. You became proud, resentful, irritable, suspicious. Believe me, I have ever been my old self to you."

"Hush child, hush! Do you remember that evening when we stood by the summer house, and your father came towards us with a black edged letter in his hand?"

A whispered "Yes."

"And that you begged the bunch of heliotrope I held I said you might have it, but not apart from its meaning. You took it; you gave me back a little, Ada, just as your father reached us. Is it possible you knew the significance of the action?"

Tiny fingers pluck a leaf to pieces. Downcast eyes keep their own secret. Compressed lips are obstinately silent; but the ghost of a smile tries hard to draw them apart.

"Darling, all my life hangs on that meaning. Will you not tell it me?"

The smile has its way at last. She looks up with a merry glance, and a blush.

"I will, sir, since you are so pertinacious. Heliotrope means *I love you*, and now you may go to—India."

But he would not. Much against Dr. Adnams' will, he insisted on becoming her partner. The very day he took up his abode at Trentring; Peter Smailes shook off the dust of his feet against it. The Hermitage has twice been put up to auction; but on both occasions it was bought in at a comparatively low figure. The general opinion seems to be that Peter Smailes' Last Investment was a bad one.

TREASURE-TROVE.

Something I [illegible]
[illegible]
Something [illegible]
[illegible]
Something [illegible]
[illegible]
Something more sweet than the song
Of [illegible]
Something that lovelier glows
Than queenly rose;
Something more sparkling by far
Than yon bright star;
Something I cherish—how well?
Words cannot tell.
Something—Oh, cannot you guess?
Then I confess.
Someone has said "Love is blind;"
Yet do I find,
Deep in the heart of my love,
My Treasure Trove.

OLD ELSPA.

BY C. F. M.

I was alone in the world—or I thought I was. My mother died when I was young, I had been my father's pet and darling, and now he was dead too, and his will had consigned me, to the care and guardianship of his brother, a doctor, whose home lay amongst the mountains of Cumberland.

I did not get along very well with my relations. They had heard that I was gushing and exuberant, and finding me reserved and languid, mistook my morbid melancholy for pride, and ceased to press their society or attentions on me.

I see it all now, but then I was blind. I had another grief at my heart besides sorrow for my dead parent, and I fear that whenever my thoughts flew to that lonely grave among the Pyrenees, I questioned the policy which had isolated me from the world—the world in which my hero lived and moved—and prisoned my free soul amongst these unfathomable walls of stone.

The thrifty, economical ways of my aunt and cousins which kept them ever busy were strange to me. My dainty fingers took no scornful pleasure with rolling pin or pastry board. I was supposed to be mourning, and, with misplaced decency, was left to do—nothing. Thus having no occupation for hands or energies, and feeling myself something apart from the rest I used to go off and away up the breezy hill sides to the lake, or secluded glens, my only companion my faithful dog.

At these times lost in abstractions, all danger was forgotten, and I had paid the penalty but for a guardian angel little dreamed of.

My first peril was from the mountain-mist, which came down and around me with bewildering suddenness, blotting out the landscape far and near.

Still, I thought I knew my way, and was stepping onwards, though with caution, when my dress was clutched from behind, as I fancied some bush. Turning to disentangle it, I was confronted with what seemed an awful apparition.

I saw a woman's form, bent with age, a face intersected with lines and wrinkles like a map, from which nose and chin stood out like mountain peaks, and the sunken eyes gleamed like the fiery depths of two volcanic craters.

"Stop, my leddy!" she cried, "the gates of death are open before ye! Tak' my hand and let me lead you; and thank God, my bairn, that Elspa was near you in your peril."

I had heard of Elspa as a woman, who dealt in herb and simples, but I had heard of her as one with an uncanny reputation.

I confess I was half afraid to accept her guidance, but she by gesture strong as words gave me to understand that I had been walking toward a precipice, and three steps further would have borne me to destruction.

"When my uncle's house was within sight, conscious of the service she had rendered, I did not confine my thanks to words, but was liberal with my coins.

As she took "the silver," she scanned my face curiously, then seized my hand and peered into it closely, whilst a sort of creepy sensation stole over me.

"Once, twice, thrice! Three perils, my bonnie leddy. One is past. Two lithers lie before. Perils of your sin seeking. The gates stand in the path of your true love. The air of mountain and of lake is na gude for ye, bairn. Remember! One danger is overpast; Tak' heed ye seek not the lithers; and [illegible] a scoff at old Elspa's warning words."

Then the old woman trotted off. I had scarcely decided whether to laugh at her maunderings, when I opened the house-door, to find all within in a state of excitement.

It was long past our dinner-hour, and my absence had alarmed them. Of course I explained the cause of my delay, and it was only by Aunt Ritson's agitation that I fully comprehended the danger I had escaped.

The excitement however, had not all been on my account. Bella had received an invitation to spend some months with a newly married friend in London, and good natured Winnie was in high glee. Even aunt acknowledged it was "a chance not to be missed, if possible;" and I saw her glance furtively at Uncle Ritson. Still, possibilities were not discussed in my presence. It was not until I had retired to my own pretty room for the night, that I overheard the sisters discussing the problem, unmindful of the thin partitions between the head of my bed and theirs.

I found that money—or its scarcity—stood in the way, and heard the chances of the matrimonial market calculated with a balance greatly in favor of London.

Money! How I hated the word! I would have given every shilling I possessed to be assured that Edgar Neville was true to me, and would seek me out when the period of probation prescribed by my father was gone by. But where could he seek for me? Correspondence had been forbidden. He knew not my address, and my father had withheld Edgar's from me. Ah, how he repented before he died! How glad he would have then been to leave me in those strong protective arms!

It was May when Bella went, and very soon there came letters filled with the wonders she had seen and the places she had visited. Then came one from Hastings, in which she told of her introduction to a Mr. Neville.

Again and again, we heard of this same Mr. Neville, and my heart began to be torn with doubts and suspicions. I felt assured that Bella was in love with him, and that he was the Edgar Neville of my adoration.

At length a letter came, addressed in a manly hand to Uncle Ritson, with Edgar's well known crest upon the seal. It was a proposal for my cousin's hand.

My head swam round, but I mustered courage to ask Mr. Neville's Christian name. He had merely signed J. E. Neville.

Ah, that was it, sure enough—John Edgar.

I had my back towards my uncle, standing in the doorway, as I asked. No one noticed how I staggered into the hall or how I snatched my hat from the stand and darted up the mountain side to cool my fevered brow and still my throbbing pulse. How I went or where I went I could never remember, I have some recollection of falling as I bounded across a brook, of old Elspa's face bending over me, and then no more, until I found myself in my own snowy bed, with Winnie watching me.

Elspa had found me where I had fallen, half in, half out of the stream. Unable to drag me thence, she had summoned help with a peculiar whistle she kept suspended to her girdle.

It brought a couple of shepherds to the spot, who had brought me home.

Very slow was my recovery, retarded no doubt by the scraps Winnie read to me as pleasant news from her sister's letters. But still, I was down stairs before Christmas came. I had heard, but hardly seemed to realise, that Bella was to be married early in the new year, and that she and her husband would come and spend the honeymoon with us.

The old year was closing in. Elspa—who else?—came up to the house with a letter she had found lying in a by-road. It should have been delivered some days previously; and it was supposed that the postman had taken more to drink than was good for him and dropped it by the way.

Goodness! how that letter stunned me! Bella was by that time married. She and her husband were to be with us on New Year's Day and they should bring with them a New Year's gift for Cousin Adela, as a thank-offering for bringing them together. Their photographs were enclosed.

I saw only the one. Yes, it was Edgar's! There was no mistake.

The house was at once in a bustle of preparation. Again I slipped out, to hide my agony and prepare myself for the coming trial.

All at once, I found myself on the reedy margin of the lake, as the silver circle of the moon was rising above the mountain-tops. And there I stood, looking on the dark waters, whilst something seemed to whisper me that there was peace.

My foot was on the brink. There was a step on the stones behind me. I turned, and I think my half-formed purpose was visible in my face, as I once more confronted old Elspa.

Sharp were her words, sharp as my need. She bade me go down on my knees, and thank God that he had sent her to save me from my third peril—the peril of body and soul. She then took me by the hand, and led me back like a penitent child; said to my aunt that she thought I was not well, and, by her leave, would watch me through the night. Something she gave me too, and I slept.

When I awoke, a chaise was at the gate, and before I could fasten my dress, Bella had burst in, and flung her arms around me.

"Come, Adela, make haste!" said she. "Edward is all impatience to see you, and show you our New Year's gift."

"Edward!" I gasped.

"Yes, my dear, Edward! Did you not know his name?"

It was all a tangle. I followed her to the living-room below, where there stood a stranger, who was introduced to me as James Edward Neville, my new cousin—and surely too Elspa's own Edgar.

He had been best man at his cousin's wedding, and Bella had only seen him a few days previously. Her postman must have lost another letter, one Edgar had sent to me. The photograph had been obtained by mistake. The other would be in the lost letter.

Old Elspa kept my secret well. But I never forgot the cross she had taught me; and though Edgar carried me away from Cumberland as proud a wife as she is, we took good care of old Elspa for the rest of her days.

SURGEONS AND BARBERS.—A Western man recently had a cancer [illegible] upon. The cancer was situated [illegible] lower lip, and two doctors proceeded to cut it out, first putting the man under the influence of chloroform. Before the operation was completed the effect of the drug were off, but the patient refused to take any more, and he stood the remainder of the cutting and sewing up without a murmur. When the operation was completed it was found necessary to remove a portion of the cheek. A razor was procured, and one of the surgeons scraped one side of the man's face. While preparing with many flourishes, to begin operations on the other the sufferer said: "Doctor, I guess I will take some more chloroform before you shave the other cheek." Dr. G. is a very good surgeon, but his tonsorial skill is now under a cloud.

IN 1632 a pamphlet was published in England which cited a law of Lycurgus, to the effect that "they who lived unmarried and childless should be debarred from all sports, and forced to go naked in winter about the mark of price." Five years later Parliament imposed a tax on bachelors varying with the social standing of each offender. An unmarried duke, after attaining the age of twenty-five, paid £60 a year, an unmarried bishop had to pay a shilling more; a bishop was taxed at £20 a year, at £11, a doctor of divinity, law or physic, at £6 and a gentleman at £3 6s.

"Yes," said a venerable and benevolent looking old man, "I've always really enjoyed living in an unhealthy climate." "That's queer," said a bystander; "what's the reason?" "I rather think," responded the old gentleman, "that it's because I'm a physician."

Our Young Folks.

TWO GREAT DEEDS.

BILLY BOLTON lived with Betty Bray in a cottage near a wood, which the wag gish lads of the village named the Bee hive making a pun on the initial let ters of their names. At this Billy would laugh, and declare that only drones lived there; and his companions were noth ing loth to agree with his declaration

But a lonely, loveless life like Billy's was enough to make a drone of any lad. Who can be active, gay, and industrious without love, in some form or another, to beckon him on? Few very few. True, he had been in Betty's possession ever since that morning when she had found him a woe baby under a hedge, and carried him home till some one owned him, and as the hapless little fellow was never owned nor called for, had claimed the finder's due, or it had been thrust upon her by circumstances to keep what she had found, nobody saying her nay. So she kept the little foundling, and brought him up amid poverty, slaps, hard words, and sometimes rags and dirt, with very little of sweet holy love to gladden his young soul. Still, at ten years of age he was a fine, manly little fellow, with a free, independent spirit animating him: his dark grey eyes now flashing, now beaming, with unknown depths of thought and tenderness; his dusky, handsome face, intelligent and winsome, albeit sometimes begrimed with dirt.

How he loved the grand old wood near his home! His very soul seemed to go out to it, with its glinting lights and shadows Oh, it was a glorious place, a fairy region to him! Squirrels, dormice, birds, and in sects, even the whispering, sighing wind, all greeting him as he wandered there as if they knew him And then the singing shimmering brook flowing past, with the fair, far-stretching meadows beyond This was his joy, his glory his all in all in life, save his pet companion, Tricksy, an ugly little brute of a dog, which shared his wretched home with him, his scanty fare, lay at his feet at night, bounded out with him morning after morning into the glad life by the stream and in the woods—in short, was part and parcel of his young ex istence And the poor dumb brute seemed to know how much his master loved him, as he frisked played and gamboled around him, or licked his face, dirty or clean, and looked into his eyes with fond, mute, plead ing expression

Out by the brook the two spent the long summer days—Billy building tiny bridges, Tricksy watching only watching Yes, but oh ing tiny bridges was a sort of manu, an inspiration, with the boy; fairy-like little creations they were, stretching from step ping-stone to stepping-stone, and fashioned out of sticks with his knife, to be destroyed and rebuilt and destroyed in turn, as the young builder planned and improved and planned again. For such a child and ig norant of architecture as he was they were no mean structures, those tiny bridges, of strength sufficient to bear the weight of a mouse. What a re genius slumbering in the boy's soul? He worked in secret the shy child; at the sound of a footstep down went his work and away floated the ma terials on the gol l stream

But on this, his tenth summer a great work was to be achieved no more building from stepping stone to stepping stone, but the whole stream was to be spanned Of this he had dreamt all the long winter, when the brook was a torrent. All his straw pennies had been hoarded, no matter how hungry he was nor how great the tempta tion to spend them. And now the glad glorious summer was come, he had pur chased the wood—rough, it is true—of a woodman, and all his spare time was devot ed to it, his grand scheme, his crowning achievement!

But one day, while he labored and planned loving little Tricksy at his side watching all, who should draw near but Herbert Everard, the son of a rich gentle man in the neighborhood a lad older than himself, proud and overbearing

It was but the work of a moment, as it were, to hide his work behind some trees, when he was upon him, what is more, two hounds were upon poor little Tricksy, yelp ing, tearing, and snarling and little Trick sy's doom was sealed. In vain poor Billy dealt them blows with a stick, still they yelped and tore their prey Tricksy's cries were pitiful, they pierced Billy's very soul But Herbert Everard laughed it was cruel—cruel both to the suffering brute and his terrified little master

"You viper!" cried Billy, and setting his teeth and aiming a blow with his stick at the laugher, darted madly in to the rescue

Brave boy! loving little master! He snatched the poor brute from those murder ous teeth, he held him in his arms, a small mangled mass of misery, his loud, despair ing eyes, fast growing dim turned upon his dear, dear little defender lovingly, one could fancy gratefully But the hounds were upon them both

Oh Billy, Billy! it is death for you as well"

Not Herbert Everard sprang forward with the whip he carried. shame, remorse, perhaps, prompted him: certainly he did not laugh, but lashed and beat the animals off till they cowered at his feet, and Billy stood free free to curse his dying dog

"You coward! you viper! you reptile!" cried the frantic boy, while Tricksy feebly licked his hand and whined out his tale of suffering.

"Such as you have no business with dogs. I couldn't help it."

So spoke the lad, then he turned on his heel, whistled to the hounds, and plunged into the wood.

"You shall pay for this, you shall, you shall!" cried Billy in his frenzy: then he sank on the ground, and wept over his poor little pet.

He was dying, he could only hold him in his arms and deluge him with tears; noth ing could be done for him, nothing. So the day laughed on, the river sang, and shifting lights and shadows fell around him and van ished, and in the evening Tricksy died. Then a shadow of bitter loneliness fell upon the boy's soul. He buried him in the gar den at home, his gentle little friend, and afterwards worked harder than ever at his bridge work, a feeling of bitter revenge ever present with him.

It was finished just when the leaves were putting on their autumn glory: one soft balmy day the fair structure spanned the stream, now swollen with a heavy fall of rain. It was no achievement to be despised, that very insecure bridge. Could an archi tect but see it he would no doubt foretell great things for the boy, if only his talents could be cultivated. And he had twined moss and ivy gracefully here and there, on frail beam and supporter, with something of an artist's taste. It was indeed a thing to be proud of, a something to rejoice over. No wonder the boy clasped his hands and tears rushed into his eyes, as he stood and gazed at it, the sole beholder and admirer of his work. The sweet autumn day smiled upon him—that was all.

But, lo! there, riding out of the wood, was Miss Alice, Herbert Everard's fair-haired sister, on her pony. She was but nine, a sweet child, with golden hair streaming down over her blue habit, the white feather in her hat waving in the wind. On she came, Herbert running behind.

"Over it, Alice! break it down!" he cried, as if in bravado, from a distance.

Had they been watching? It seemed so. Billy trembled.

"Don't!" he shouted: "it will break."

"I don't care," retorted Herbert, now close to his sister, quivering with anger. "On, Alice!" and he gave the pony a switch with his stick

The animal darted forward: he was on the bridge; there was a slight crash, a scream, and Alice and her pony were in the stream. Herbert stood paralysed with ter ror; and well he might, the coward! He had sacrificed his sister—for what? for re venge? no, he had nothing to revenge. Billy hesitated; his soul was fighting a bat tle. Should he let that little fair haired thing, drifting away, perish, and thus pay back to the proud unfeeling boy, with inter est, the cruel death of little Tricksy? No! all that was noble, generous, and manly within him rose up, and he darted into the singing, exulting water. The pony had struggled out and away; poor little Alice was drifting, struggling, and now raising a feeble cry. Now he held the small, help less thing; now he was clutching the reeds and rushes to rest a moment; and now he was on the bank, little senseless Alice in his arms The brother's love prevailed over the pride and arrogance of the boy, Herbert Everard wrung Billy's hand, but spoke never a word, then together they carried their burden home

The next day Alice was quite well; Her bert Everard and Billy Bolton were friends —at least they were not enemies, but the young architect's masterpiece of ingenuity was spoilt, and Tricksy lay dead in the gar den But Billy was glad—glad in the con sciousness of having performed a great deed by conquering revenge and doing good to an enemy. Surely this was something which nothing could crush or destroy: it should never lie in ruins, Heaven helping him, like his beautiful bridge. What more came of it all was, that Herbert's and Al ice's father hearing of Billy's wonderful genius for bridge building, placed him where he could have his talents cultivated and made the most of

And if some day he is not one of the world's great ones, everybody will be de ceived.

DOGS AS FOOD.—It has been predicted by some philosophical statists that dogs will yet become a favorite food in civilization They are eaten at present in parts of Northern Eu rope and Asia, as well as by the Chinese and our own savages. They are classic, also, having been highly relished by the an cient Romans and Greeks. Many old writ ers—Galen and Hippocrates, the famous physicians among them—speak highly of dog meat, and regard it as very healthful In another century we may consider it a choice delicacy. Food is largely governed by prejudice. One nation eats what anoth er nation abhors the city often prizes what the country would not touch.

WAS IT APPEASED?

BY HENRY ZELL.

A HEAVY gloom seemed always to lie on Castle Kelly, for though the house was not falling to decay, there was a neglected air about it—an air like that of the halls of a poverty stricken nobleman. Yet this was not the case with the Kellys—they were not poverty-stricken; but one son of that old line had ever squandered his patrimonial estates; and he it was who drew the curse upon the castle, that was the cause of its gloom—the place was cursed.

Cursed by an old father who had been dispossessed by his son. He prayed that Heaven might never give his posterity either long life or happiness, and from that day to this, the legend said, no heir had lived longer than his fourteenth year at Castle Kelly. But however that may be, so much remains true, that none could tell when last a Kelly of Kelly had been suc ceeded by his natural heir.

At the time of which I write there was a widowed Digbert of Kelly residing at the castle, and he had a little son named God frey. From the day of his birth he was consigned to the charge of an old Irish woman, who, after the manner of her na tion, loved her foster-son with a wild and exaggerated idolatry.

Nurtured and reared by this wild Hiber nian, Godfrey was full of fanciful superst itions. It is therefore not to be marvelled at that when Digbert of Kelly found his son so learned in this lore, he considered it advis able to withdraw Godfrey from Meg's sole care.

Of course she stormed and cried, but knew he was relentless. Yet when he told her she should keep her old cabin on the estate, and the boy could sometimes visit her, she seemed satisfied.

Only seemed—for she did not love her master. Not alone that he took her darling from her, but for a stronger reason. He had discharged her nephew Jacob, for drunkenness, without a character, and the poor youth, in his despair, had killed him self. Meg laid his death at the lord's door, and hating him bitterly, she had resolved on revenge.

It was a bright summer day, and God frey, weary of playing, had run down to visit Meg. He arrived there hot and tired.

"Give me some water," was his first de mand; "I am so thirsty, nurse!"

"Is it wather you'd be drinking, me dar lint? Wait and I'll give you some of the wine with wather and sugar, his riverence brought me."

Godfrey sprang up to her assistance, and went to the cupboard, which he knew con tained all the woman's stores, to get out the sugar. He brought out the well-known brown paper packet, and placed it before her. Meg talking to the child meanwhile, poured some of its contents into the glass, but just as he was beginning to drink, an idea seemed to strike her; she examined the paper more closely, and then with a cry of horror took the beverage from Godfrey's hand

"Oh, then, may the saints protect and shield ye, machree!" she exclaimed, in a tone of alarm. "Give me back that glass, sure that's not sugar at all."

"Why, nurse," said little Godfrey look ing up at her in bewilderment, "you told me so when I asked you the other day what was in that paper."

"Troth an' its poison," said Meg, grave ly. Then recovering herself, she added lightly, "Children shouldn't be afther axing so many questions;" and going to the cup board, she put by the packet.

The child was quieted; but his silence, which continued for some time, was so un like his usual self, that Meg, not under standing his humor, and fearful as to what he might report up at the castle, proposed telling him a tale to divert the current of his thoughts.

And she told him the history of the curse, but in the midst of it she was interrupted by the entrance of Sir Digbert, who had evi dently heard much of her story

"I see it will not do, Meg," said he. "I had hoped love for the boy and self interest would have made you more prudent. I must keep him away from you for awhile. Come Godfrey," he added, "come home with papa."

Little Godfrey looked bewildered, but followed him. That evening, after the maid had put him to bed and left him, he could not sleep: a rare thing for him. The events of the day would course through his little brain. Meg's curious story; the poison he had nearly taken; his father's anger; all these things revolved in the child's mind, and kept sleep for some time from his eye lids.

Meantime old Meg stormed and raged, and her latent determination to have revenge on him woke with redoubled vigor

Several days passed after the above events Sir Digbert kept his boy more about him than formerly, and the child was so happy in his beloved father's company that he did not miss Meg nearly so much as before

Meg knew, as was but natural, every passage in the house; and besides that she knew several means of entrance to it un known to others—entrances half subterran ean, old postern doors, sliding panels, and what other secret sources of hiding and silence such ancient castles possess. She determined to make use of one of these to effect an entrance into the room of her boy, whom her heart yearned to see.

Thus resolved, one night old Meg set out, and soon found the door she was in search of; a few moments later, and she stood in Godfrey's room. She approached the cot. There lay the child, his pretty head buried in the pillow. He was fast asleep.

Meg bent over him, and looked at him long and tenderly; then her love overcoming her prudence, she bent down and pressed a kiss upon his cheek.

Meanwhile, the moon had risen, and its light was falling full into the room, and by its aid Meg was enabled quickly and noise lessly to find the door; but not quickly enough for Godfrey, whom her passionate kisses had awakened, and who at that mo ment sleepily opened his eyes, He had been dreaming of Meg, he thought, and that she was kissing him, but oh! who was that slipping out of the room there in the moonlight? It looked like Meg! He would see, and only half awake, the boy jumped out of bed, and stole softly after the re treating figure, which entered his father's apartment.

He was bewildered, and though his eyes were open, he was still half dead with sleep, and not clearly conscious whether he was waking or dreaming Was this Meg? What could she want? Or perhaps this was the Banshee, come to warn his father.

Meanwhile, the woman went to the table beside his father's bed, where a glass of lemonade was always placed for his use be fore retiring. Seeing the vessel filled she took out a small packet from her pocket and poured its contents into it. Godfrey thought of Meg's sugar; then the idea of the poison came across his mind, and he won dered why Meg should put it in his father's lemonade

While he was wondering thus, the woman left the room and passed from his view, muttering to herself as she did so, "May the heavens be yer bed to night, Sir Digbert! Trust me, but me boy shall be heir of Castle Kelly, and the curse shall be broken. Shure, if it's broke once, isn't it for ever!"

Godfrey, really nervous now, crouched behind some curtains, determining to wait till his father came, and tell him all about what he had seen and heard. For some time his terror succeeded in keeping him awake, but Nature gained the mastery, and notwithstanding his fright and alarm, the child was soon fast asleep, and when Sir Digbert entered, was far away in the land of dreams, seeing Meg and the Banshee, and drinking lemonade, and——

Here something roused him. What was it? Where was he? Why, he must have been sleeping; his father was in bed, had just struck a match, and took up his lemon ade, drinking which was the last thing he did before settling to sleep Just as he was about to apply the glass to his lips, it was wrenched violently from his grasp, and Godfrey, pale and trembling, looking like a ghost in his white night garments, stood before him

"Don't drink that, papa!—don't," cried the child, holding the glass still farther from his astonished father. "I don't know if it's sugar or poison, but Meg or the Ban shee, or the ghost, put something in it, and I went to sleep, papa. Let me take it," and before Sir Digbert could interfere, the child had put the glass to his lips, and drunk some drops, but not many, for in an instant the glass was violently dashed out of his hands, so forcibly that it lay shivered in pieces on the floor, and he himself was fold ed in the embraces of his foster-mother, who was weeping and raving over him.

"Och, me darlint," she cried; "Oh, me boy! me blessing! what'll I do now! How could ye be afther drinking that? Och, I've killed ye; I've killed ye, me lite."

Sir Digbert angrily interfered at this point, and separated the two.

"Leave the house instantly Meg," he said, sternly. "I see what it is; you have tried to poison me, and watched to see the deed consummated Go, I say."

The woman obeyed, quelled for once, and left the room with hurried tread, while Sir Digbert anxiously busied himself to use all due precautions and remedies to counteract the effects of the poison. Fortunately, the child had drank very little, and at length recovered

Nothing more was ever seen or heard of old Meg. When her cabin was entered the day after the catastrophe, no trace either of herself or belongings was visible.

Sir Digbert lived to a good old age, and Godfrey became master of Castle Kelly, the first Kelly, of Kelly, who had succeeded in direct line since the days of the wicked son, and his children's children reign there now.

Can it have been that the half-uncon scious, yet willing self-sacrifice, of a child for its father's sake, removed the fearful curse from Castle Kelly? Was the aveng ing spirit appeased at last? Who can tell?

The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Would I were Erin's apple blossoms o'er you,
Or Erin's rose in all my beauty blown,
To drop my richest petals down before you,
Within the garden where you walk alone!
In hope that you might pluck a little posy,
With loving fingers through my clusters pressed,
And kiss it close, and set it blushing rosy,
To sigh out all its sweetness on your breast.

Ah! could I take the pigeon's flight towards you,
And perch beside your window pane above,
And murmur how my heart of hearts it hoards you,
O hundred thousand treasures of my love!
In hope you'd stretch your slender hand and take me,
And soothe my little fluttering wings to rest,
And lift me to your loving lips and make me
My bower of bliss es in your loving breast.

Chinese Whims and Ways.

OUR lord s of creation do not consider themselves to be properly dressed for the park, or promenade, unless topped by a hideous incongruity called a "hat;" and we stare when told by the Hindoo that his many folded turban is a more shapely and useful article.

We convey our food to our mouths by means of knife, fork, and spoon: what ridiculous and impracticable implements, we therefore exclaim, the Chinese chopsticks must be! Our fair dames pinch and squeeze their waists into positive and even dangerous deformity, and throw up their eyes and hands in disgust when shown the compressed foot of the Chinese lady. And so with a hundred other incidents and associations of our daily life. We imagine that we alone do, or can do, this or that thing, forgetting that other peoples have wants identical with our own, and that they can assign, it may be, quite as good a reason for their method of satisfying those wants as any we can quote in favor of ours.

There is perhaps no nation whose customs and ideas one is so prone unintentionally to misconstrue or despise as the Chinese. The very name to most people conjures up instantor the picture of a slant-eyed, pig-tailed creature, who strangles his infant daughters, and feeds incontinently upon dogs, cats, and rats. But it may be contended that a Chinaman is not only by no means the degraded creature which he is made out to be, but possesses many traits worthy of study, if not of taking copy from, by members of more favored and better-gifted nationalities.

What those traits are, it is not our purpose to set forth, but some of the whims and ways peculiar to the Chinese may perhaps repay attention, if only to make us hug our own with the greater satisfaction and content. Assuming our notions as to the fitness of things to be in the main reasonable, if not correct, it is curious to note at what opposite conclusions the Chinese have arrived in maturing their habits and ideas.

In China, for instance, the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests.

To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and grimaces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception room, and it not unfrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan's assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughters wear—and not unfrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every Mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand either when at home or abroad.

On entering a room, or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entreaty would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat."

In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated.

In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them at his visitor.

In the matter of visiting cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by the way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it with a solemn bow to the host before assuming his seat at the table.

Scarlet is the color for all visiting cards, save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used according to the extent of the loss deplored: but the entire card is colored—not, as with us, the edge alone.

Contrariety of purpose extends even to the collocation of some familiar terms; as, for example, in the use of the words "right" and "left" it would be inelegant and even incorrect in China to state or write them together otherwise than in the shape of "left and right."

As regards the points of the compass, too, the Chinese method of quotation is quite different if not contrary to ours. Where we should say, "north, south, east, west," which is our usual form for stating the cardinal points together, a Chinaman would say "east, west, south, north." With them "north-east" is transposed into "east-north," "south-west" into "west-south," and so on.

In giving dates, whether orally or in writing, the latter more particularly, the year is stated first, then the month, and lastly the day. The date, moreover, never heads a letter or formal document, but is always the last thing appended. Surnames and names go by the same rule of contrary, the surname being written or stated first, the name last. Titles, when set forth formally and in full, always precede the name, instead of following it as with us; and curiously enough, when familiarly used, as for instance when we would say "Governor Tomkins," "Colonel Jones," and so on, the opposite becomes the rule, and the title comes last.

A remarkable example of the eccentricity of the Chinese turn of mind is noticeable in their schools, where, instead of silence being inculcated, as might naturally be considered so essential, every child is expected to bawl out the lesson that he is committing to memory at the top of his voice; and the babel which is the result may be more easily imagined than described. When a boy goes up to repeat his lesson, moreover, he does not stand facing his tutor, but turns his back upon him, and hence repeating a lesson goes by the familiar name of "backing" it. This method of recitation has an excellent effect of keeping a boy on the qui vive to avoid mistakes, for no sooner does he commit one than he is called to recollection by a smart tap on his closely-shaven pate, from the metal bowl of the long tobacco-pipe which every pedagogue carries about him.

The law of contrariety applies equally to books, and the mode of binding and reading them. In the West the leaves of a book are cut level at the back. The marginal note of title, chapter, and page is printed in the front fold, so as to show half on one page and half on the other; whilst the title, instead of being placed on the back of a volume as with us, is carefully written on the bottom edge. Books in a library are consequently laid on their sides, with the bottom edge exposed to view. In reading, as is well known, the Chinese character runs from top to bottom and left to right, so that in the perusal of a book it must be handled in exactly the opposite style to that in which a Western book is manipulated.

Another somewhat curious instance of contrariety of practice is shown in honorary rewards conferred by the State for meritorious service. With us, when a man receives a title of a hereditary character it devolves upon his heirs. In China the case is different. Parents and grandparents benefit by the successful career of a son, and if dead, posthumous honors are decreed in favor of the deceased.

The following examples of their eccentricity of habit and purpose may likewise be adduced. A Chinese equestrian would never think of mounting his charger save on the off side. They play at shuttlecock with their feet, not with the hands. They drink their wine boiling hot, and much as a Chinaman relishes champagne when he can get it, he invariably remarks that it strikes him with cold inside. Take up a Chinese-made screw, and the worm will be found to twist the contrary way to that in which Western screws are manufactured.

With some research, examples of a like kind it is confidently believed, might be increased many-fold; but the above will suffice to show in how abnormal a mould the Chinese mind is formed as compared to ours.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW LETTER BOXES.—In Liverpool, Eng., many of the street letter boxes now have a door which shuts with a spring, and at the same time moves a plate showing the hour of its last clearance. The public can thus ascertain whether letters have been taken out for a particular mail, and the post office has a check upon its men.

THE TELEPHONE.—At a recent convention of electricians in Chicago, it was stated that Edison had so improved the receiving instrument of the telephone that the volume of the message transmitted was increased enough to be heard by a person standing twelve or fifteen feet away from the instrument. It was expected that communication could be had by this instrument across the ocean, through the Atlantic cable, and that talking from one side of the continent to the other would be a thing of hourly practice.

THE USE OF QUININE.—It is a well-known fact to medical men that there exists a great prejudice among a large number of people against taking quinine, the idea being very prevalent that the prolonged use of it affects the hearing. A New York physician has recently been collecting and examining the evidence as far as possible, and has come to the conclusion that in some cases there really is a permanent nervous affection of the ear produced which justifies the opinion.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.—Sit down in an easy position, relaxing all the muscles of the body, and let the head drop forward upon the breast as low as it will fall without forcing it. Sit quietly this way for a few minutes, freeing all the will power of the body, and a restful, drowsy feeling will ensue, which will, if not disturbed, lead to refreshing sleep. If the sleepless fit comes on in the night one can simply sit up in the position described. Stiffness of any part of the body must be avoided, and it is well to bend the body forward after lying down, rather than to keep it straight or thrown back upon the pillow.

THE COLOR OF THE HAIR.—An eminent chemist has been analyzing hair and has been able to separate several well-marked, differently colored substances, and the chief of these were a black pigment and a red brown substance, which when oxidized, passed into a yellow coloring matter. Very red human hair contained a small quantity of a pink red substance, yet by far the greater number of different tints may be accounted for by supposing that it contains a varying amount of the above named three substances in mixture. In regard to the possibility of hair changing color in a day or night, he takes the negative.

THE EARTH'S PROGRESS.—A new scientific instrument has been constructed by which the hourly progress of the earth through space can be noted. It is about six feet high, consisting of an iron tripod and delicate pendulum. There is an index attached to the upper portion of the pendulum, and when the pendulum is started this is perfectly still. In six minutes the earth's motion becomes apparent, and the needle shows about one degree of deviation. In one hour the movement is so marked that the distance traversed by the earth may be estimated from its data. The pendulum is of such delicate construction that is will remain in motion for 12 hours, and yet may be retarded or even stopped by blowing upon it.

A REMEDY FOR WEAK EYES.—A simple remedy for weak or sore eyes is recommended as follows: Get a small tablet of elder flowers at the druggist's, and steep in one gill of soft water. It must be steeped in bright tin earthenware; strain nicely, and then add three drops of laudanum; bottle it tight, and keep in a cool place; then use it as a wash, letting some of it get in the eyes. Follow this, and relief is certain. If the eyes are painful or much sore, make small soft compresses, wet in the mixture, and bind over the eyes at night. If the eyes are badly inflamed, use it very freely; and a tea made of elder flowers and drunk will help cleanse the blood. Pure rock salt and water will strengthen your weak eyes if you bathe them daily in it. We would earnestly advise you to avoid mixtures or washes containing mineral or other poisons.

New Publications.

The early numbers of the second volume of the "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, are now in press, and will be issued shortly. The volume will contain sixteen parts of 48 pages each. This work is sold by subscription only. The first volume brings the history of the city down to the year 1774. The second volume will bring the history down to the present time, and will relate to modern New York. This work will be a desirable addition to private and public libraries in all parts of the country, as the growth and development of New York City is a matter of interest and pride to every American citizen. Owing to its beauty, typographically and in point of binding and paper, a subscription to this work will serve as a most acceptable gift to send to friends at home and abroad. The publishers, Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, offer to send descriptive circulars, giving prices, testimonials, and styles of binding, on application.

"The Temperaments, or the Varieties of Physical Constitution in man, considered in their Relations to Mental Character and the Practical Affairs of Life," etc., by D. H. Jacques, M. D., with an introduction by H. S. Drayton, A. M., editor of the "Phrenological Journal," with illustrations, price $1.50, R. Wells & Co., publishers, New York, is a work treating of a subject that should be of universal interest, as it is of great importance. The temperaments are defined according to both the ancient and modern theories and classifications. Then there are studies in temperament, and a chapter on the temperaments in the lower animals, showing the effect of domestication and other conditions. The work appears to be very complete, and is the only work on its particular subject now published.

"The Sanitarian" for January contains a variety of interesting articles, among which may be found "The American Public Health Association," with "Report of Yellow Fever Commission," and "Suicide not evidence of insanity," and various other subjects pertaining to health and physical culture.

The last number of "The Nursery" is filled with things to delight the little ones, and must make it a greater favorite than ever. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

The Magazine of American History for January, continues its valuable record of American historical events. Its contents begin with "The Birth of the Empire State, or Formation of the First Constitution of New York," by the editor, John Austin Stevens, with an illustration of the first Senate House at Kingston. An article on "Oregon; its Origin, and meaning of the Word," by J. Hammond Trumbull. "Original Documents" contains the Treaty of Peace 1783, and others of interest. A reprint of the "Early Proposal to Annex the Valley of the Mississippi." An article of conspicuous interest is one on the "Globe of Ulpius," with illustrations. The editor states that special attention will be given in the future numbers to the geography of the American Continent as shown upon early globes, of which nine are known to exist antedating the middle of the Sixteenth century.

One of several new features which will appear during the next year in "The Literary World," Boston, will be a series of "Short Studies of American Authors," by Mr. T. W. Higginson. These papers will be both critical and descriptive, but their subjects will not be announced in advance.

The December number of Blackwood's Magazine, which concludes volume CXXIV, opens with an article on journalists, being number one of a series of articles, entitled "Contemporary Literature." The series on "French Home Life" is continued and introduces the subject "In the Country." The serial story "John Caldigate," is continued with interest. The rest of the contents are "The Fruit and Vintage of Herefordshire," "The Progress of Naval Architecture," "The Cottage by the River," and "The Berlin Settlement." Published by the Leonard Scott Co., of New York, and for sale by W. B. Zeiber, of this city.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Appearances are deceiving; judge not hastily.

The winter of discontent is the coldest of all winters.

In talking or writing, let your words be few but well chosen.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

The best way to condemn bad traits is by practicing good ones.

All persons know when they are knaves; few when they are fools.

Every art is best taught by example; good deeds produce good friends.

The majority of mankind use their first years to make their last miserable.

A quarrel is, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

Whoever is honorable and candid, honest and courteous is a true gentleman, rich or poor.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Many persons of considerable importance don't understand that it is all self-importance.

If a tree has not blossomed in the spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in the autumn.

One doubt solved by yourself will open your mind more than the resolution of many by another.

The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies only killed by long culture and care.

Let reason be your rule, conscience your counsellor, and your actions ever contrary to those you find fault with.

Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you meet year by year, and you will not be forgotten.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest life is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

Many men become virtuous in their old age, because they are no longer able to set a bad example, and make of their forced purity a text to lecture the young.

Facetiæ.

An ex spurt—A dried up fountain.

A popular field officer—A kernel of corn.

A hard thing to sharpen—The water's edge.

When is a pig the heaviest?—When he is tied.

Can a boy keep straight who is bent on mischief?

A flourishing man—The professor of penmanship.

Woman's sphere—That she won't get a rich husband.

Nothing has so many ties binding it to earth as a railroad.

Latest intelligence—The thought of what you might have done.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but we prefer the bark.

All men are not homeless, but some are home l ss than others.

The man who loved the watch dog's honest bark was not a tramp.

What is it that a man with two eyes cannot see with one?—T'other eye.

It is strange, but true, that a railway brake often prevents a railway smash.

Farmers make hay when the sun shines, and the young folks make love when the moon shines.

Douglas Jerrold said of a censorious reviewer: "You see he's always lying in a critical condition!"

Everybody likes a hot steak, but when it comes up covered with cinders, you can justly complain of it as coaled meat.

"Mr. President," said the orator of the day, "not even truth has escaped the slanderer's tongue. She is constantly accused of lying—at the bottom of a well."

Careful housewife (lifting a shoe from the soup tureen): "La! who'd a thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But I knew it wasn't lost. I never lose anything!"

"Stop that abominable noise!" shouted a commanding officer to a trumpeter who was playing energetically. "We can stand fire," added the officer, "but we can't stand that air."

"See here," said an eccentric old man to an office boy who had brought a doctor's bill to him; "see here; tell your master that I'll pay him for the items of medicine charged in this bill, but as for the visits, why—I'll return them!"

A woman applied for a situation recently with her clothes dripping like a water spout. On being questioned as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray, and wheeze, and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men; "and, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?"

A conceited young man in talking with an aged clergyman said, with a most dogmatical air, "I will never believe in anything which I cannot understand." The old clergyman mildly responded, "Then, young man, it is probable that your creed will be a very short one."

A lady inquired of a neighbor how a certain friend of theirs—notorious for his laziness—who had been ill, was getting along, and the reply was, "I believe he is now able to sit up at his meals, but still has to lie down at his work."

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several girls I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

When a young society youth arrives late, and in a state of perspiration, at a party, the opinion of his friends is divided as to whether his delay was caused by the urgencies of business or a too protracted argument with a grasping washerwoman.

Mrs. Shoddy's views are interesting to those who are thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are too large, that those 'ere conpons are too shut up, but that a nice stylish pony phantom seems to be just the thing.

A tenant has been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation, the other day, he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive retort: "Now you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why I owe enough in this town to buy all your old houses!"

When a young man with creaky boots is ushered up the centre length of the church aisle vainly endeavoring to catch up to the young lady who is several feet ahead of him, the solemn stillness which pervades the air is not at all calculated to restore his equilibrium, or soothe his shattered nerves.

And now the long winter evenings are coming when, with chairs drawn near together, we shall sit in close communion, she and we, and in the flickering ingle-glow build fair fire-fancies of the future time, dream that dream of the yet-to-be, and hold that everlasting yarn for the children's stockings.

One afternoon, while a tight-rope walker was going through his performance, a boy about twelve years old turned to an acquaintance of the same age and remarked: "Tom, don't you wish you could do that?"—"Yes I do," sadly replied Tom; "but my parents make me go to school, and are determined that I sha'n't never be anybody!"

The talk at dinner was about various acquaintances, how they had married, and their domestic life. After numerous observations from one and another, a guest addressed the host's daughter, a young girl nine or ten years old, who wore a very thoughtful expression: "Well, mademoiselle, what is your opinion about all this? Shall you marry or remain single?" "Neither. I think I shall be a widow."

The wise man makes equality and justice the basis of all his conduct. The right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

To work out our own contentment, we should labor not so much to increase our substance, as to moderate our desires.

THE PRAYER.

Go, heart of mine, and hasten to my Love;
Tell her I mourn throughout the slow, sad hours,
And that I wander through forsaken bowers
Like some disconsolate and widowed dove,
Who, being once forsaken of her mate,
Doth wander ever after desolate.

Go; heart of mine, and tremble in her breast;
Tell her that I am like the winds that scour
O'er hill and dale, that leafy woods deflower,
And meadows many-tuned, yet find no rest,
But making moan which never doth abate,
Doth wander up and down disconsolate.

Go, heart of mine, and whisper in her ear
That I am like a tree no longer green,
Where Winter's barrenness may be foreseen
In branch and bough by Autumn's touch made sere;
And like the leaves which rough winds violate;
The days from off my life drop desolate.

And if that move her not, go, kiss each lip,
And tell her that I can no longer live,
Unless she come again to me, and give
Her sweet and ever-constant fellowship.
And from her lips thou shalt not separate
Until she swear to be compassionate.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A FARROW SUPERSTITION.—White ferrets are believed by the Norman peasants to be the souls of unbaptized infants.

THE largest individual tax-payer in Boston is Joshua M. Sears, who pays $37,754 on $2,949,400. W. F. Weld is taxed on $2,663,500, Moses Williams on $2,051,400, and John L. Gardner on $1,264,500; these being the only men who pay tax on more than $1,000,000.

THE Earl of Carnarvon, late Colonial Minister in the Beaconsfield government, has married his cousin, Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Henry Howard of Greystoke, and a relative of the Duke of Norfolk. Carnarvon is one of the richest, purest and most cultivated of English gentlemen.

AN actor with a very homely phiz was once acting Mithridates, when a beautiful captive said to him, "My lord, your countenance changes." Theodore Hook, who was in the pit, exclaimed, "Don't stop him—don't stop him! For Heaven's sake, let him!"

ROSE CULTIVATION.—Rose cultivation is, in South-eastern France, a considerable industry. The perfume manufacturers in one Department consume annually 6000 hundred-weight of roses. May is the harvest time. During the summer the field takes care of itself. In the fall it is carefully weeded and manured, the manure consisting exclusively of offal from the perfume factories and other vegetable matter.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.—And now the story of the origin of this order has been dispelled. An historical investigator says that during the Crusades on the arrival of Queen Berengaria in Sicily, King Richard, in honor of his betrothment, established a fraternity of twenty-four knights, who, pledged themselves to the king to scale the walls of Acre, and that they might be known at the storming of that city the king appointed them to wear each a blue band of leather on the left leg. They were known as the Knights of the Blue Thong, and were placed under the invocation of St. George.

IN illustration of the sufferings endured by the poor at Manchester, England, on account of the hard times, it is related that a butcher missed a large bunch of "lights" from which the heart and liver had been detached, and which he had seen hanging outside his window a moment before. Going to the door he observed a man making off with it. He quickly followed him unobserved, and, picking up a policeman as he went along, they went into the man's house, only to find him and his wife and children tearing asunder and ravenously devouring the "raw material" that had just been stolen! The butcher's heart was touched, and, instead of having the man arrested, he gave him a couple of shillings.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT.—Life among the Italian peasants generally may be taken from the condition of the daily laborers of Calabria. Until the age of 9, the young Calabrian guards pigs and sheep and takes care of the donkeys. He then works in the fields and gains eight cents a day. At 15, he gains fourteen cents; at 20, seventeen cents and what soup he needs, or twenty-five cents without soup. He then thinks of marrying, and lives with his wife in a one-story hut with an earthen floor, the light to which generally comes by the door. His bed is of straw, and his food of the simplest description, without meat or wine.

MUSICAL PHRASES.—Musical phrases should be accented according to their musical meaning, and verbal phrases according to their meaning. In setting music to words, intelligent composers are careful that the musical and verbal accent correspond. If a good piece of music is being sung, and the words are heard distinctly, the emphasised words should be musically accented. If the listener, exercising his intelligence, find that they are not thus accented, he will put that circumstance on the debit side of the singer's account in his estimation. Demosthenes said the soul of oratory was action. Its first, its second, its third requisite was action, action, action! It may be said that the soul of singing is accent, accent, accent!

CONVICT LIFE AT NIGHT.

THE following description of convict life in Sing Sing prison may be taken as a sample of that in penitentiaries all over the country:

On entering the hall of the prison in the early evening—say 7 o'clock—a murmur of voices reaches the ear. This proceeds from the cells in which two prisoners are confined. There are twelve hundred cells in which are incarcerated over sixteen hundred convicts. In cool weather the men, as a rule, like to be "doubled up," as they call it. They frequently request that they be confined in the same cell with some prisoner who was an acquaintance in former days and perhaps an accomplice in crime. Where there are two in the same cell, their evening conversation ranges over a wide field—the past, the present, the future, their criminal exploits, their hope and chances of pardon, their plans for making a living when free, etc. It is the policy of the management to avoid placing young convicts in cells with criminals of the older and more hardened sort.

The interior of the hall presents a strange sight in the evening. At intervals on the whitewashed walls of the halls are gas jets, which flare in the constant draught of air circulating in the prison, and which cast their flickering rays into the cells across the passageways. At the western end of the passageway is the office of the keepers, with glass sides, through which the entire length of the passage on that side of the prison may be seen.

Three keepers, armed for any emergency, are on duty, and two others are sleeping where they can be summoned in a moment. The keepers wear shoes made of the striped cloth worn by convicts, so that they may patrol the passages and balconies without raising a noise.

Passing along the balconies at 7 o'clock in the evening and looking between the iron gratings, the visitor will find a light burning in nearly every cell. Where there are two convicts in the same cell they will be talking or reading. Those who have a cell to themselves will be reading or pacing the cell, peering through the grates, or doing something to kill time. There are some two thousand volumes in the prison library. The books most sought after by the prisoners are novels, books of travel, and biographies. They are permitted to read story papers and magazines, but no newspapers. Keeping the news of the outside world from them, is one of their most serious deprivations.

The convicts are permitted to have lights in their cells until 9 o'clock. They are furnished with kerosene lamps, and are allowed a certain amount of oil. Some of them seem to be afraid of the darkness, and turn their lights down very low, and try to conceal them when the keepers pass, in order that they may turn them up again and not be in the dark. Near the close of the week they make all sorts of promises in order to get a fresh supply of oil. It is considered safe to let them have lights in their cells, for they can only burn the few combustibles in the cell, and if they do that the penalty is to have their lights taken away from them—which is considered a very severe punishment.

At 9 o'clock the bell is rung for "lights out." Then more faces are seen at the gratings, and there is a greater disposition among the convicts to talk with their neighbors. It is a curious fact that those who sleep the least are "long time" men whose terms have almost expired. They seldom close their eyes in sleep the last nights of their stay in prison. "Only fourteen days more and I feel as though I should fly," said one of the convicts. New comers are restless and wakeful, but less so than those mentioned above, though they are more likely to be afraid of the darkness and the solitude. Passing along the galleries, you will find that some have papers before the doors, to keep out the light of the gas jets in the halls, while others are pressing their faces against the gratings to get all the light they can. Occasionally the tick of a clock is heard within a cell. There is much company in a clock's ticking. Sometimes the keepers find a man standing close to the grates, with the tips of his fingers protruding between the bars, and when he is asked why he does not lie down and sleep, he declares that he cannot endure the darkness at the back part of his cell.

It is interesting to note the expedients to which the prisoners will resort to kill the time that hangs so heavily on them. Some of them devote their time to making curious articles with which to adorn their cells, producing the queerest articles from the strangest material. A shred of cloth is ingeniously fringed and bordered with something to resemble embroidery, and the completed article is caught back with a cord as ingeniously made as the curtain. Others turn their attention to invention. The lever lock, by which fifty cells are locked and unlocked with a single key at the end of the gallery, is the invention of a convict, and is considered very secure. Think of a prisoner spending his time in contriving a lock to increase the security of his prison! But the time went faster when he was doing it. Some of them make pets of the mice that scamper over the stone floors of the prison, and tame them to such an extent that they drop in and spend hours with their convict friends.

In the keeper's office is a partly finished pack of cards which one of the convicts was caught making. If he had succeeded he would have been able to enjoy the exciting sport of a game of solitaire. A few years ago he could hardly become interested in a game where blue ships predominated; now he was ready to become excited over a game between his right hand and his left for imaginary stakes. The cards were made of shipping tags which he had smuggled from the shoe shop and the suits were marked in blood. The face cards were ingeniously figured. One bore the figure of a police officer. Of course the maker intended this for a knave. But the pack was not completed, for it got into the keeper's desk before the cards were more than half marked. A chapter might be written on the expedients of the prisoners for killing time.

There is caste in Sing Sing prison. At the head of the elite stand the bank robbers. The man who enters as the hero of a daring and successful bank robbery, and was given away by some faithless pal, finds his reputation already established. The manner in which murderers are regarded is dependent upon the circumstances of the killing. The convict who has killed his man in cold blood does not enjoy the esteem of his fellow convicts. If he shot down a man in order to make his way out of a trap into which he had fallen while attempting a daring thing in the burglary line, the affair is considered one attended by extenuating circumstances. As a rule, murderers do not rank very high—using the expression in its prison sense—among those belonging to the criminal classes.

Late at night, the snoring of the sleepers almost entirely ceases, and the place becomes as silent as though it were a vast sepulchre, save when the stillness is broken by the outcry of some dreamer, or the knocking of a restless prisoner, who has found a pretext for calling a keeper. There is something thrilling and chilling in these noises. They are magnified and distorted by the acoustic properties of the place. The hall will be as still as death, when, suddenly, an agonizing shriek will come from somewhere along the vast galleries, followed by the cry of "Murder! murder-r-r!" Then all will be still; or, perhaps, a ludicrous turn will be given to the occurrence by the advice of a disturbed neighbor of the dreaming convict, tendered in words like the following: "Oh lay down and sleep, you bighead." Again, a groan, swelling into a painful yawn will break the stillness, to be followed by some such exclamation as: "Well, well, such is life!"

From long familiarity with the place, the keepers know from what part of the block of cells come the noises they hear. They can also determine the nature of the sounds. A thumping sound comes from nowhere in particular, and is multiplied by the echoes that are awakened. "That," says the keeper, "is the fellow in the dark cell, trying to get somebody to come and talk with him." Once in a while the stillness will be broken by a boisterous and hearty "Haw, haw, ha a-w-!" The sleeper is dreaming of other days.

The dreams of the prisoners generally tend toward the horrible. The subject would afford an interesting study with the view of reaching some conclusions as to the influence of external and mental conditions on the visions of the sleepers. The prisoners are likely to be superstitious in the matter of dreams. If they have happy dreams, they will say that somebody is working for their release. If they dream horrible things, they fear that harm has come to their relatives, or that they may be taken sick, and may die before they are released.

At 5 o'clock in the morning a small gang of prisoners are aroused and taken down into the kitchen. They thoroughly understand what is required of them there; and, washing their faces and hands under a hose, they begin hurling great chunks of meat into large pots surrounded by coils of steam pipes. The room is filled with steam, and the convicts, working in their striped suits, present a strange appearance. When the meat is cooked it is placed in a mill—which runs by steam—and is ground up with potatoes and onions. This hash is served to the convicts at 7 o'clock in the mess-room, and, with bread and coffee, constitutes their breakfast. Inside of the main hall all is still until toward 6 o'clock. Then the prisoners begin to stir in their cells. There is heard a tumultuous coughing and yawning and clearing of throats, and an occasional institutional breakdown by some prisoner who has arisen with a morning chilliness upon him. A little while later the day keepers enter the hall, carrying in their hands the keys with which the cells are locked. The cell doors are thrown open, and the men march out in gangs of thirty-five, forty, or fifty, carrying in one hand their buckets. They "form on" for that step known as the locked march, walking so close in single file that light does not show between the men. The head man sets the step for the gang. This is a position of some responsibility, but very little honor. The step is a quick, short scuff. The man who sets the step stamps the time for them so loud his footsteps ring through the buildings like the blows of a sweeping machine. At the rear of almost every company two or three lame convicts follow, shambling along as best they can, and making a queer contrast with the mathematical step of those in front. The march is continued to the interior of the mess room, and there the convicts sit down to their bread, hash and coffee.

What is called a "Carnival of Authors" is promised in Boston for some day in January. The Old South Church will profit from the receipts. One author, it is said, will go to the entertainment perhaps disguised as another—Dr. Holmes, for instance, in the character of Dr. Holland, Mr. Howells as George Ticknor, Henry James, Jr., as Edward Everett, or Mr. Longfellow as Bret Harte. Promise is also given that famous authors of the past will be represented, and even Shakespeare is mentioned, while the long list includes Addison, Goldsmith, Goethe, Burns, Scott, Irving and Dickens.

The various new fashions in fans were shown at a recent opening at the Palais Royal. The handsomest styles for evening dress are of white satin, brocaded, lace covered, or plain; the top edged with marabout, which is tipped with gold. The tortoise shell fans are equally rich; these have natural feather tops, or peacock feather tops. One of the newest designs has ebony sticks, with cock feathers curled at the ends; in the feathers are delicate flower paintings. These fans are extremely rich in effects, and the ends are tipped with silver plates with the monograms of the wearer. All the new striped fans are also shown, as well as new fan chatelaines.

A wife is handy about the house. She'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night she'll tell you about yourself, and more too. Of course she'll know where you have been and what kept you so late. And after you tell her and she wont believe you, you mustn't mind that; and if, after going to bed, she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has the chance, you mustn't mind that either—it's her nature. You'll be accustomed to her little ways in time.

In Wennesbury, in England, a few days ago, a girl named Julia Burns put a metallic sleeve link in her mouth for the purpose of hiding it from her sister, who was searching for it. She swallowed the link, which was about the size of a five cent piece, and fell down upon the floor. She turned black in the face, and although an emetic of salt and water was at once administered, she died in about fifteen minutes.

The immense sugar pine logs cut near Truckee, Nev., are sent down the precipitous side of a mountain in a chute that empties them into a deep pond. The descent is 1,700 the last third of which is perpendicular, so that the logs strike the water with a report that can be heard a mile away. The logs weigh several tons each, forming a tremendous missile.

Statuary in white marble form very pretty tableaux, and give, perhaps, less trouble than any other form of "dressing up:" white sheets being the attire worn. Some little study is needful in order to dress them after a classical fashion, and a good deal of patience is required in the model. Marble hair may be produced with plaited candlewick.

Geologists having reported that there is in Japan enough workable coal to produce a yield equal to that in Great Britain for 1,000 years, the Japanese Government have agreed to grant a loan of $1,500,000 for the purpose of working them.

The Prince of Wales at Home.

The Prince of Wales' country house is a pretty two-mile drive from Wolverton, in Norfolk, through a quantity of young plantations, in which the Prince takes much interest. On the left you pass a picturesque building called "The Folly," furnished with great taste, and where shooting parties lunch once or twice during the season. The entrance to Sandringham is through the famous Norwich Gates, and so through a fine avenue of limes. The house is a model of comfort. The large hall which you enter on arriving is fitted up as a dining-room, with a pianoforte, easy chairs, and two large writing tables, at one of which the Prince usually writes his letters on his return from shooting. Behind the piano are a quantity of toys for the children to amuse themselves with at the "children's hour" after tea. Here at five o'clock the tea table is placed in the centre of the hall, and is presided over by the Princess in the loveliest of tea gowns. It is a pretty sight to see her surrounded by her three little girls, who look like tiny fairies, and who run about to put "papa's" letters in the large pillar-post box at one end of the hall. There are generally four or five large dogs to add to the circle. In this same hall the balls take place. The floor is excellent, and the music is upstairs in a gallery. At the balls the supper is served at a number of round tables, with one long one down the side of the room.

At Christmas the hall looks like a large bazaar, being then filled with the most costly and beautiful tables, with a large Christmas tree in the centre, and objects all around the sides of the hall full of presents for the household and visitors. Their Royal Highnesses arrange the presents themselves, and no one is permitted to enter till the evening. Some few years back the gentlemen of the household gave the Prince, on his birthday, a handsome weighing machine, which has ever since been honored with a conspicuous place in the corridor passage alongside the hall, and regularly during each party, generally after tea, the guests are requested to come and be weighed; a proceeding to which some seriously object. They then, in their own handwriting, have to record the full details in a book kept especially for the purpose. They write their names, date, weight and costume at the time. Thus you read: Heavy walking dress, tea-gown, velvet dress—the heavy ones generally attribute some of the fault to the garments. It is an interesting book, containing, as it does, autographs of many long since passed away.

The drawing-room is a particularly pretty room, full of furniture, and every available corner is filled with gigantic flower-glasses full of Pampas grass and evergreens. Here the guests assemble before dinner. The dining-room opens out of this room. The dinner-table decorations are noted, and are all arranged by the gardener, whose taste is very good. The bowling-alley, in close proximity to the billiard-room, is most popular. The Princess plays very well, while those who have no taste this way sit in a little ante-room comfortably furnished with two long low settees and rocking-chairs, and from which you command a good view of the game. Out of the drawing room, on the opposite side to the dining room, is a small sitting room filled with bookcases. Beyond this is the Prince's own room, quite full of beautiful things. Here he and the Princess always breakfast, and here, on the 9th of November and the 1st of December, are laid out all the numerous birthday presents.

Of the Princess' private apartments upstairs it will suffice to say that a prettier room than H. R. H.'s own boudoir or sitting room was never seen. All the visitors' rooms are perfect, nor are the servants' comforts neglected.

Immediately after tea and coffee (when there is a party staying in the house) the Prince sits down to his whist in the small room leading out of the drawing room, and the Princess adjourns to the bowling alley, where two little boys, attired in appropriate costume, are in attendance to send back the heavy balls and set up the bowls.

The gardens are of considerable extent, and the Princess' dairy is a thing of beauty, with a lovely room luxuriously furnished for tea parties.

The usual Sunday afternoon walk, with all the guests, household and children, comprises visits to the gardens, the dairy, the farm, and the kennels, and always finishes up with the stables. The company consists of very much the same set each year, with occasional additions of foreigners. There are also generally one or two very good whist players.

A pretty girl down East is a "mind reader." She said to a bashful beau, the other night, "Hal, I believe you are going to kiss me." She was right.

Visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral, London, carry opera glasses so as to have a good look at the preacher and the bonnets.

The fashion of walking through a quadrille or the lancers is to be abandoned for actual dancing.

If you are not satisfied with the necessaries of life, see if you can satisfy yourself by repining for luxuries.

The best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

Artificial flowers are not in high favor at the moment.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have used Dr. Jayne's Expectorant in my family, and can truly say that I know of no medicine equal to it for checking and curing the frequent Coughs and Colds to which children are subject at all seasons of the year. I have also realized great benefit from it myself, and have recommended it to others, who almost invariably have learned to value it. I always prescribe it to the students under our care, when necessary, and the teachers willingly add their testimony to mine in praise of this medicine.—J. S. EDWARDS, Principal of Providence Conf. Sem., East Greenwood, R. I.

My Dear Madam,

Don't suppose, because you happen to be forty, or even forty-five, that you have outlived all the charms of your girlhood. You can summon back at least one attraction of your earlier days with LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which will restore to your complexion its former purity and smoothness. You may also rely upon its doing this without endangering your health.

News Notes.

Pennsylvania produces the finest black walnut trees in the world.

The Bessemer steel works at Johnstown, Pa., are to be extensively improved.

The Khedive and family, including his secretary, receive now only $1,500,000 a year.

The Moffett bell punch has not been a success in Virginia. It is stated that less than $100,000 was realized by its use over the old license system.

Adams Express Company has done the largest holiday business this year of any season in ten years before, and perhaps the largest in twenty years.

Several mill girls in Birmingham, Conn., were made very ill last week by eating motto lozenges. A physician pronounced it a case of arsenical poisoning.

A young girl in Baltimore has been wearing boy's clothing and making love to her girl friends, and has lately shot one of them for rejecting her attentions.

A lady was attacked on the road, in Luzerne county, Pa., by turkeys, and before assistance arrived, was badly pecked in the face and about the body.

There is said to be an old Turk named Pavanovic living at Babatz, Croatia, who is 125 years old, and is able to carry a sack of 100 pounds of wheat to market.

Two hundred thousand salmon eggs are being hatched at the Westford, Connecticut, fish preserve, and the number will be largely increased during the winter.

The personal estate of the late Earl of Dysart, the London recluse, who lived for so many years in his chambers, never seeing a soul, has been sworn under $8,500,000.

So much black silk has been ordered by dealers in England for the mourning of the late Princess Alice that an appreciable improvement in the trade of the south of France is felt.

Monterey, Mass., has a model clergyman. He and his wife taught a class of botany free last summer, and now they propose to teach German to all who will provide themselves with text books.

A woman got drunk while cooking at Portsmouth, Va., and fell head foremost into a tub of water near the stove. Her head was drowned and the remainder of her burned to death, her clothes taking fire.

The horse Custer rode to his massacre, a sorrel with one white foot and a star in its forehead, is said to be owned by Trader Dean, at the Spotted Tail agency, who bought it of an Indian who saw Custer fall.

The expense to which the late Duke of Devonshire went in relation to the gardens at Chatworth is illustrated by the fact that it cost him £5,000 to convey thither one enormous palm tree, weighing twelve tons.

Mr. Gladstone has a daughter who is familiar with the place of every work in his library and the run of its contents. When he desires a reference, she fetches the book needed and points to the passage required.

The oyster is not, in this country, a favorite dish at Christmas time, but daily shipment of over a thousand barrels from New York for England has run up to over two thousand five hundred for the Christmas season.

A locomotive shop in Paterson, N. J., is said to have received an order for seven immense electric lanterns from the Russian Government. These lanterns are to be placed at the bows of the seven largest Russian men-of-war.

An English nobleman, who is in the habit of speaking to soldiers in an affable manner, was much amused lately when a guardsman said to him, in a hearty and genial way: "I like you, my lord. There's nothing of the gentleman about you."

The new Grand Vizier of Turkey is a Circassian by birth, and was in his youth a slave. His good looks and his brains greatly attracted his owner, who, after a while, gave him his daughter in marriage, and advanced him in political life.

The New York Times complains that none of the Astors, Rhinelanders, Goelets, Lorillards, Schermerhorns, or Lenoxes, and other millionaires of the metropolis, who represent real estate aggregating not less than $150,000,000, take any concern whatever in municipal affairs.

At St. Andrew's Church, at Montreal, on Sunday, a strong woman carried, in a birch basket lined with silk, Mrs. Wm. McNulty's triplets, dressed in red, white and blue, forward to the communion table, at which they were baptized Louise, Lorne, and Victor.

The King of Sweden averted a financial panic in Stockholm by opening a heavy private account with one of the principal banks, concerning whose stability disquieting rumors were current. The King's act restored confidence and probably prevented very disastrous consequences.

Queen Victoria, who is lady of the Manor of Esher, offered to give that pleasant village a drinking fountain which she thought would cost $500. The Esherites refused to accept it unless it cost double that amount, as they would have to pay tax for water supply.

The Toronto *Globe* says that the American paper manufacturers are buying all the poplar wood that they can find in the Canadian Eastern townships. They pay 50 cents a cord in the tree, and thus the farmer reaps a return for a wood that is almost valueless for fuel.

Pedestrian excursions are "given" now by fashionable New Yorkers. Luncheon is provided at some of the rural houses on the route by the hostess, and the "meet" takes place at her house. What an improvement on the old "at homes" and solemn, dull receptions.

To avoid the ghastly stare which eyes often assume in photographs, English photographers now make sitters look at the dial plate of a clock, and tell them to let their eyes travel slowly round the figures. The rotary movement of the eyes is too slight to interfere with the photographic process.

An immense fissure has been discovered in the Blue Ridge Mountains, extending from the middle fork of the Rapidan river to the Shenandoah, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. The cleft in the mountain is quite wide and so deep that cattle have fallen down to unfathomable depths into the bowels of the earth.

The Emperor of Austria is a tall, spare man, of soldierly bearing, who does not look much over forty, though he is nearer fifty; with sandy hair cropped close to his head, and turning an iron gray, with regulation military whiskers and moustache; small, restless gray eyes, and the blunt features and heavy lips which distinguish the Hapsburg family.

Three tourists undertook to walk behind Niagara Falls a few days ago. The danger is great in winter, owing to the ice. One of the trio, in picking his way over the slippery path, ran against a huge icicle, which broke off and fell on him. He was badly cut, and has since been insane, but whether from a blow on the head or from fright is not settled.

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kinds words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

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It was the first and is

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

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no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FASHION seems to have broken down the boundary lines which used to define her dominion each season, and when we seek an answer to the query 'What is the fashion of the present day?' we encounter the styles of so many periods in which the charms of dress were conspicuous, that instead of the attractions of one period excluding the other, Fashion has brought them together in that harmonious relation which her taste and skill can so well create, and the periods of the "Directoire," the "Pompadour," the "Montespan" the "Marie Antoinette," and others, are reproduced side by side with each other, in utter disregard for those lines of antagonism which history records. If we look for some decidedly new feature of dress which we can accept as the foundation for future predictions, it will be the increased width of the skirt, the extra fulness to the drapery and the panier which steadily gains ground, and its place already established by crinoline. While it has not return with the exaggerated proportion of its former existence it has established itself with a firmness which promises success for its future career. The new crinoline is scarcely more than the lining of a dress with, in fact it is shaped exactly like the breadth of the dress made of muslin and linen. It is then covered with small flounces arranged in zig zags from the edge to the top, at regular distances on the dress, and on the crinoline, tapes are sewn, and a crinoline tape and a dress tape being tied together on each side of the width, the dress is thrown out and supported without losing any of its close effect. It is, in fact, the beginning of a new era in dress.

It is not surprising that at the present time when the richest and most superb materials combined with materials no less costly are the order of the day, colors should harmonize with the general brilliancy of effect, and none is better calculated to do this than the favor-caroubier or red which attained such success four years ago. Along with the caroubier we have garnet, ruby, and the shade known as "vin de Bordeaux." To compensate for the brilliancy of these or rather to tone them down, we have the contrasting sombre tints of dark and neutral colors.

A costume which supplies a stylish model for one of inexpensive material was composed of dark garnet, India cashmere, made with a pleating on the edge of the underskirt, surmounted by a double heading of the same with a narrow bias fold of garnet pekin between. The polonaise opens down the front over a vest of the pekin, while below a full tablier or drapery of the cashmere edged with a wide bias fold of pekin is drawn back under the sides of the polonaise on which are wide revers of pekin ornamented at the bottom with gilt buttons, three of which close the polonaise at the waist. Another custom equally pretty and easy to reproduce is a walking costume of otter colored cloth; the lower part of the skirt is composed of a ten-inch pleating, the upper part is plain and crossed with a narrow plain scarf of the same material which hides the sewing on of the flounce to the skirt. The corsage is of jacket form, with long basques, opening on a waistcoat of faille to match; the edges of the corsage and scarf are finished with five row of stitching.

The subject of simple costumes reminds me of the reduction in the prices of dress goods at Mr. Wanamaker's, among which are specially notable the all woolarmure, 24 inches, reduced from $1 to 65cts; some handsome varieties of chenille corduroys are reduced from $2.40 to $1 a yard.

Brocades, which are so popularly used for trimming dresses, are marked from $2.50 to $1.50 and $1. Some very pretty varieties of camel's hair, 48 inches wide, are reduced from $1.50 to $1. These are in all dark colors and excellent in quality. Another great reduction is visible in some silk and wool matelasse materials, which are reduced from $2 to $1,25: these are 48 inches in width, and are in dark colors with a soft melange of bright tints.

A very useful durable material called camel's hair plaid, 62 inches wide, was reduced to 50cts.

In cloaks the same reduction is visible, and persons who have deferred purchasing a winter garment until now will have an excellent opportunity for getting a good one at a very low price. A handsome imported cloak of matelasse cloth, trimmed with a rich copeau fringe and ruche, was marked down from $40 to $28. Another in dark otter twilled cloth, with a handsome passementerie and seal velvet trimming, was reduced to $15. The low priced sacques in diagonal cloth are as low as $5, from a marked reduction.

An attractive feature is the low priced silk costume which Mr. Wanamaker offers at $30, complete in all its details of style, quality, and finish. One of black silk which I saw was made of gros grain silk, with a demi train trimmed with two knife pleatings; the drapery arranged in full folds across the front and trimmed with two rows of handsome copeau fringe and jet. In the back the drapery formed a bouffant effect, and was trimmed with a narrow pleating; satin ribbon bows down the front and sides. The corsage basque was trimmed with silk revers, edged with lace. This was marked $30, and is a sample of the style of costume which Mr. Wanamaker offers at that price, in any colored silk desired. They are made with exquisite neatness of finish, and in the latest and most fashionable style, and are really marvels of cheapness.

Pearls are much used for evening dress. Pearl earrings, rows of pearls, single, double, and treble, are worn, fitting closely round the neck. Pearls are to be worn in the hair, and diamonds are not to be seen this winter, it is said, save in conjunction with the fashionable pearl.

In fact pearls, plush and otter, are the sovereigns of the season.

For walking toilettes plush is made up into Polignac coats, harmonizing with costumes of Indian cashmere, buttoned with Rhine stones, with large colored and plain steel buttons, or malachite buttons, or old silver buttons richly chased, and as large as half dollars, a marquis cravate in old lace, or a manly tie passed through a ring.

Opera cloaks are made of plush, and richly trimmed with passementeries of the same color, and with handsome fringes.

A pretty hat of blue felt is ornamented with small bronzed wings, and a plain band of ribbon crossing the crown and forming the strings. A white felt hat with a plush border, has a broad draping of white faille round the crown, with a plume of white feathers and a large butterfly or lophophore feathers. A bouquet of Dijon roses is placed under the curtain. Another model is composed of ostrich feathers in otter color, fastened together with faille in the same shade, and a brown and old gold-colored bird.

A very stylish hat is a small shape, covered with peach-blossom plush and ornamented with feathers to match. Another, of myrtle green plush is trimmed with numerous bows of peacock green moire ribbon.

A very large dark blue velvet model has a trimming of straw-colored feathers, and another of rough, hairy felt is decorated with loops of green and navy blue satin, pleated one within the other; a long green and blue feather falls at the side.

Our Fireside Chat.

THIS subject of good cheer in its various phases having been discussed, I will give my readers a few hints on the latest ideas I have gleaned in investigating the department of needlework, which is always an interesting subject, and more so now than ever. Every description of screen has its attraction now, and as I have had several inquiries lately for suggestions on the subject, I will give my answers now. First, a large folding screen covered with either satin crash, oatmeal cloth, serge, satin cloth, or velvet. The pattern may be large and bold; or small and finely worked, covering the entire groundwork, such as the delicate flower and foliage of the hawthorn, or a graceful figure of a Grecian goddess in outline in a bower of leaves. Should you, however, desire to complete a screen without elaborate work, select a pattern with large lotus leaves and bulrushes, and bluebirds and butterflies hovering over. This can be worked in most rapid fashion. The strands of wool are merely laid perpendicularly on the pattern, and are caught down at intervals of half an inch with straight lines of horizontal stitches, the effect being almost as good as the ordinary mode of working. The reverse side of the screen is covered with plain material, the edges finished with a heading of wool. The newest screens are made to fold in three, the centre division being equal in width to the two side pieces, so that placed before a fireplace they recall the old high backed settees.

Large Japanese figures can be purchased now at a moderate price, and are very effective in the centre of each leaf and small scraps arranged as a border.

In answer to an inquiry from an "Old Subscriber" as to the best method of covering the back of the screen: A very good idea is to cover the back of the screen with newspaper pictures, such as those cut of the illustrated papers. They are very amusing and interesting and look well when arranged and fitted in close together. The whole should be varnished when complete. Photographs of places and people also look well, especially if arranged in diamonds or some sort of pattern on a gold, black or colored background. I once saw a large screen covered on one side with colored scraps, and on the other side scrap specimens of antique lace. To guard the lace a piece of the thinnest and most transparent net or gauze was stretched across, fastened at the edges by tiny tacks. It looks well to cover the screen, or one compartment of it, with a pale blue paper, and arrange a sort of picture on it, with colored prints of grasses and flowers on the ground, and birds and butterflies as if in the air, hovering above. Each compartment should be differently arranged. This affords great amusement, and requires taste and dexterity. Colored plates of fashions of modern and bygone days are interesting as well as curious. Some of about one hundred years ago are rare and worth collecting.

I would suggest to "Down South" who has written for suggestions to utilize some scraps of colored cloth, to line them, turning the edges over and hiding the stitches with gold braid; then arrange the colors harmoniously, and lay them on a strip of buckram lined with colored muslin; the edges must lap one over the other, or can be joined in one continuous strip with a cord between and a small floral spray worked in the centre of each, the edge trimmed with fringe. Either of these would make a handsome mantel border.

The palm leaf fan or hand screens, that can be had for a few pence, form a good foundation for ornamentation, and are greatly improved if covered with silk and lace and bordered with a ribbon ruche, or pasted over with colored paper and small scrap pictures or monograms laid upon the paper.

Some effective looking piano mats may be made either of common blankets or red baize, bordered with loose buttonholing in a prominent color; a scroll, worked with double crewels, also in buttonhole outlining stitch for the centre.

Old portfolios may be renovated by lining with Turkey red, and covering the outside with scraps, when they form a convenient receptacle for prints and photographs, which will accumulate.

For an invalid's work an ornamental eau de Cologne bottle would be suitable. Take one of the ordinary kind, and begin with a circle of white beads underneath the base, and then cover the whole bottle with alternately four rows of white and four of blue beads, threading seven each time, and inserting the needle into the fourth of each loop of former row. In working you must accommodate your beads to the shape of the bottle. The cork is covered in the same way.

Camp stools are beginning to be used about sitting rooms; the stands gilt. The straps across are most easily worked; aida canvas or holland are favorite materials. They are finished off with hanging tassels, made of wool alternately of two colors, hanging down wherever they can be placed.

Clothes and hat brushes are apt to lie about untidily in the hall: to avoid this wall baskets of a flat form are now used, trimmed with an embroidered valance of cloth; they are large enough to hold four, and have a small square satin pincushion at the top.

A pretty work basket can be made in this way: Cut a piece of cardboard 6in. square for the bottom, and four pieces 6in. square by 3½ for the sides; cover these outside with brown holland, inside with light blue merino or twilled flannel, slightly padded with wadding; sew the bottom and sides together very neatly with invisible stitches. Cut two strips of cardboard 16in. long and 1in. wide for the handles, cover them with the blue, coarsely tacked down over the join, tack on a small strip of brown holland, with long but invisible stitches, letting a little of the blue show at each side. The handles must then be firmly sewn to the four sides of the basket, crossing each other. A plaited out ruche of blue should be sewn round the top; and now, to beautify the basket, a little spray or bunch of forget-me-nots painted on the four sides and up the handles, which should be tied together with a bow at the top where they cross.

Canoe-shaped knitting baskets can be made in the same way, and every variety in color and painting used.

Small blotting books are pretty, made of cardboard, covered with holland, lined, and piped round the edge with red turkey twill, which also forms the back, with a bunch of cherries or flowers painted on the front, and a shading of gray beside each leaf or cherry, to make it stand out. White blotting paper tied in with a red ribbon, which should come through, and tie at the back in a bow.

Corner chairs are now much in request, having one of the four points of the seat exactly in front, the back low, and the whole most suggestive of cosy comfort. These seats are covered with needle-work; sometimes holland worked in cotton; or with olive satin embroidered with white and yellow jessamine; or with colored serge, likewise embroidered.

In favorite sitting rooms, few things are more convenient and acceptable, especially if accompanied by the new tea tables, which like the chair are compressible, the top of the table turning down on to the legs, so that the whole would stand flat against the wall, the tops covered with embroidered holland, or satin, or velvet. The legs are turned. These and the long top any village carpenter could make; the embroidered cover would then have to be nailed on, and bordered with narrow fringe.

Circular settees come to us from Paris, also with fringe round the top reaching to the floor; this might be reproduced at small cost. A circle of wood for top and bottom, supported by four laths covered with thick common calico, the top stuffed, the sides and the top embroidered, would make a handsome piece of furniture covered with either serge or satin, and trimmed with fringe.

Feminimities.

The King of Siam has 3,000 wives. He is bald.

Men do not like wives of by-ways and cross ways.

Sorrows grow less and less every time they are told, just like the ages of women.

A new town in Idaho has been named Onegirlia, because there is only one girl there.

A queer device for a brooch is a Japanese head blowing an opal bubble from a gold tube.

A fist is like a cup attached to a hydrant, everyone is at liberty to drink but none care to take it away.

At Bath, Me., recently a young couple were introduced, engaged, married and divorced, all within a week.

Two things that no fellow can do at the same time are—to hold a pretty girl upon his lap and keep from kissing her.

"Clara" writes that she hopes the electric light will never be introduced for parlor use. "because it can't be turned down."

Well mated lovers are like the two wings of a dove, bearing one heart between them, and always moving harmoniously.

"Don't worry about my going away, my darling, absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," added the darling.

Always blame your wife and children for neglecting something you forgot to tell them about. This is the rarest privilege of the natural-born fool.

Darwin says a woman loses one-tenth of her time looking for her thimble. He recommends that a shelf for it be attached to the frame of the mirror.

The following is suggested as a useful interpolation for young ladies whose friends stay too late: "now is the witching hour of night, when people yawn.

For Young Ladies Who Wish to Have Small Mouths.—Repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five flounders for Francis Fowler."

"Would I were a man!" exclaimed a strong-minded woman to her husband's hearing. "Would you were," was his remark, "for then I would never have been united to you."

An old maid has a cat and a canary. The cat dies first. She has him stuffed, and places him in the cage of the canary, saying: "I have put the dear creature where he always desired to be!"

The dark border formerly in vogue on finger nails is not considered in good taste when accompanied with diamonds, though a few conservative ladies still adhere to the old custom.

Industry does not always pay. Let a husband be seen oiling the hinges of the doors in his house, and his wife will at once charge him with intending to remain out till midnight.

St. Louis boasts of a duck of a cloak. It is made of 36,800 feathers of the wild duck, quail, and prairie chicken, and is offered for sale at $300.

"My husband always tells me everything that happens," said Mrs. Smith, in a delightful, happy tone. "That is nothing," said Mrs. Jones, "my husband tells me any number of things that don't happen."

When a farmer in Hamilton county, N. Y., found that his wife had eloped with a peddler, he went over and hired a band, bought a new suit of clothes and gave a dance, which cost him $60.

At a ball lately, a friend who stood near him in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing, said: "Pray, sir, how do you like waltzing?" Said the gentleman: "I like the huggin' part very well; but I don't like the whirlin' round; when it comes to huggin' I would like to stand still."

Answers to Inquirers.

A. T., (Lynch Md.) When a ship fires a broadside it means all the guns on one side.

J. G., (Phila., Pa.) Beer is bad for persons who have a tendency to pimpular eruptions.

LITTLE SNOWDOUN, (Macoupin, Ill.) "Upwards of a thousand" means more than a thousand.

J. H. T. (Talbot, Md.) We do not know the name of the author of either of the works you mention.

PALLOUX, (Shippensville, Pa.) The statement is true. It is said that 72,000 persons were executed during the reign of Henry VIII.

J. S. B., (Rutland, Vt.) The average height of a man in this country is five feet eight inches, and of a woman, five feet four inches.

M. CRAWLEY, (Green, Wis.) Have nothing more to do with a young lady who seems to discourage other admirers, and who scarcely knows her own mind.

BEN J, (Monmouth, N. J.) Tell the young lady that you love her, and ask her if she loves you. That is the shortest cut to an understanding of the matter.

DISCONSOLATE, (Shirley, N. Y.) If the young gentleman has abandoned you for another, the best course you can adopt is to exert all your moral courage to tranquillize your feelings and banish him from your mind.

RETIMMEL, (Lummi, O.) Some persons' hair will never curl, except by the use of tongs. When the hair has thus no natural tendency to curl, no application in the form of oil, pomatum, or fluid will conquer its obstinacy.

WILL, (Barren Forge, Pa.,) 1. We do not know anything of the paper you mention. 2. It would be best, no doubt, to refer the matter to a veterinary surgeon. By longer delaying it you may permanently injure your horse.

J. R. V., (Crosslanes, W. Va.) We have not seen the instrument you inquire about, but it is probably nothing more than a curious and amusing toy. We have no doubt, however, it will prove well worth the price asked.

FRANK, (Cedar, Iowa.) The origin of the custom of sending valentines is unknown. The "will-o'-the wisp" is caused by the exhalation of a noxious gas in marshy places, or where decomposition of some kind is progressing.

C. W. H. (Livingston, N. Y.) It is utterly impossible for us to say who is the best penman in the United States, for very obvious reasons. There has never, so far as we are aware, been any effort to determine the matter.

AMYLLOS, (Isabella, Mich.) To prevent the feet from getting chilled in winter, wear thick stockings and stout shoes, and always change both if at all damp after you return from a walk. Bathe the feet in hot water with bran at night.

CHERRY BOUNCE, (Casey, Ky.) You had better write a letter to the young lady, asking an explanation of her conduct, insisting upon a written reply, and assuring her that the continuation of the engagement will depend entirely thereon.

EMMA, (Omaha, Neb.) Everything depends upon the manner in which the minister used the words. He very evidently intended them merely as a forcible and religious request to keep silence in the house of God. Consequently, there was no blasphemy or impropriety in their usage.

ALACANTE, (St. Louis, Mo.) A lady need not rise from her seat when gentlemen visitors are announced as making a morning call; nor need she rise if ladies with whom she is intimate are announced. But if she be not intimate with them she must rise to receive them with formal politeness.

D. G. COLTON, (Harrisburg, Pa.) In most cases you would be sadly disappointed were you to see theatrical beauties off the stage, and in ordinary costume. Paint, plaster, dress, and the many etceteras used in dressing for the stage, make the veriest dowdy of attractive appearance thereon.

M. M. M., (Fairfield, S. C.) A young man who is not ready to marry, and will not be for two or three years, should inform a young lady of the fact, before he induces her to become engaged to him. It would be a gross injustice and deception on his part should he do otherwise, and would warrant her in breaking off the engagement.

CARBOT, (Vanzandt, Tex.) The first idea of the balloon was suggested by a Jesuit priest, Francis Lana in 1670; but the actual invention of balloons is of much later date, and is due to Stephen and Joseph de Montgolfier, paper manufacturers, at Annonay, near Lyons, France. The first public experiment was made by them in June 5, 1783.

MAUVAIS HONTE, (Shirley, Mass.) At your early time of life it is no uncommon sensation, feeling awkward and timorous in society, more particularly that of females. Association with the world will, however, remove all bashfulness; and before you have attained twenty-one years of age the habit of blushing when spoken to will have cured itself.

MIRROR, (Norristown, Pa.) "Pericles" is said to have been the first play written by Shakspeare; doubts exist, however, as to the authorship of that work. Thirty-six plays are ascribed to the pen of Shakspeare. "Hamlet," the longest, contains four thousand and fifty-eight lines; the shortest, "The Comedy of Errors," eighteen hundred and seven.

DEPOT, (Phila., Pa.) The first idea of electricity was by two globes of brimstone, discovered by Otto Guericke, in 1667; and that it would fire spirits was first known in 1736. Great discoveries were made by Dr. Franklin as to the electric nature of lightning in 1750. The electric telegraph, as it regards practical results, is the invention of a modern date, although the principle was known a century ago. Faraday first made public the principle of the electric light.

OSANDER, (Marin, Cal.) If you do not understand that whatever personal gratification or habit interferes with your attention to your business should be either given up entirely, or else indulged in with great moderation and discretion, the chances are that your success in life will be slim. What would be very proper and discreet for a man who had made his fortune, or established his business on a solid foundation, might be exceedingly indiscreet in one just starting in life.

M. S. M., (Allen, Md.) "Platonic affection" is, in theory, supposed to be an affection without any passion. It therefore rigorously excludes all that is included under the idea of marriage. A platonic affection, if it existed, would forbid marriage and conjugal ties. The meaning said to have been given is wholly false, and must have been stated either in pleasantry or unworthily. Stand in fear of any one who professes "platonic affection!" It is the pretence used by evilly-disposed persons to corrupt the pure. "Platonic affection" is impossible, and its profession is a trick to deceive.

TURNER, (Phila, Pa.) If a man wants to increase the strength of his arm, he gives it such exercise and practice as will best develop its muscle. The same rule holds as to the increase of the power of memory. You must exercise and practice it regularly on such things as will add to its sharpness and power. If, however, your memory is actually weak and deficient by nature, you can never develop it into a first-class organ, although you may greatly increase its efficiency. Had you begun to train it in early life, you might have achieved greater results.

H. (Clay, Ala.) The ancients considered the hair of the head as the principal ornament of beauty. We meet, indeed, with scarcely any description of a beautiful man or woman in the old poems without the hair being introduced as one of the greatest ornaments of their persons. Boadicea, the heroic Queen of the Iceni, is described with very long hair, flowing over her shoulders, floating in the air, and reaching down below the middle of the back. The ancient Britons were extremely proud of the length and beauty of their hair; and it was esteemed a considerable honor among the ancient Gauls to have long hair. Hence, Cæsar, upon subduing them, made them cut off their hair in token of their submission.

BLUE EYES, (Tyler, W. Va.) Beer, an eminent German physician and oculist, says that blue eyes are capable of supporting a much longer and more violent tension than black eyes. The strength and duration of the sight depend on the different color of the eyes, and even that depends on a greater or less degree of clearness of the pupil, as the defects of the sight depend on a color more or less dark. Hence it results that in this point of view blue eyes are infinitely better than black. The former, therefore, possess in a more eminent degree than the latter the perfections adapted to their functions. The same author has also remarked that black eyes are more subject to cataracts; and he also observes, that out of twenty persons with black eyes, you find not one who is perfectly satisfied with them. In this particular then it must be admitted that blue eyes are better adapted to their purposes than black ones, and therefore rest contented with those Nature has given you.